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Song of the Fisher's Wife.

Low down o'er a foaming white sea
The clouds hang all sable to-night;
Oh, my fisherman's boat! will he keep her afloat
Till day laughs again into light?

He sailed amid smiles of the sun;
The se waves shone as blue as his eyes;
Ah, Donald! come back from your curtain of black,
The pitiless shroud of the skies.

Our cabin feels cheery and warm;
Our darling lies rosy with sleep;
The gold of his hair and his brow broad and fair
Are just like my love's on the deep.

Oh, joy! the round shield of the moon
Gleams out in purest silver once more;
Wild terror! depart from this fast throbbing heart—
My fisherman shouts on the shore!

Rest.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed—
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain—
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my day is hard to bear—
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pined for rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er;
For, down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

A GREAT FOOL.

His name was John Holt; and, moreover, he looked like his name, or like the image which the sound of his name, in a musical ear, would call up in the mind. For John should be strong, and quiet, and true, and grave, and John Holt was all of these. His skin was fair and his eyes blue, but the hair, which had been tow colored in his childhood, had deepened to brown. Ordinary persons would call him good looking, rather than handsome, but a close observer would pronounce his profile perfect, and his mouth and chin models of firm and symmetrical chiseling. The brows were straight and strong, though smooth, and his not very high forehead was broad and open.

John Holt's characteristics were a womanish gentleness, a most marvelous and absurd honesty, and a patience which, to them, looked only too much like cowardice. In his family John was called a great fool.

John's father had died when the lad was but ten years old, and left his wife to bring up her family of five children and manage the farm. She was perfectly capable of doing it, and even wary business men were on their guard when making a bargain with the sharp Yankee matron. Four of her children followed in her footsteps, and knew perfectly well which was the best end of the bargain; but John—well, if he was a fool it was not because she had not warned and talked to him.

John did not grow wiser as he grew older, and took upon himself the cares of life. Mrs Holt had a large and valuable farm just on the borders of the town. Streets had crept gradually about her fields, and surrounded them on three sides; on the fourth woodlands stretched back toward the east. Why she should give the control of this place to John, instead of one his sharper brothers, was a puzzle even to her own mind. The only reason she could give was that John was steady and quiet, and more likely to remain home than the others were. But she confessed to herself to be in continual tribulation with him.

"My dear," she said, to a crony, "you know that fifty cords of wood we had, good beech, birch and maple, with not more than twenty sticks of spruce through the whole? Well, John must mention that stovefol of spruce, and so lose five dollars on the bargain. I never did see such a fool. Then he wanted to hurry off our potatoes last fall for fear of rot. I told John particularly not to own to a speck; but, if you will believe it, when Thurlow came to buy them, and asked if we had seen any signs of rot, that ninny said: 'Yes, a little,' though I vow I don't believe there were six spots larger than the head of a pin in the whole lot. I don't know where the fellow got his shiftlessness. I'm sure I could always make a bargain."

John took all this very quietly, as we have said. He knew that though his mother would say such things to others, she would by no means have allowed any one to say them to her. But one thing he could not bear was that Nellie Cramer should talk in the same way. Nellie seemed to delight in tormenting him. She would follow him into the gardens and fields, hang on his arm with her curls blowing across his breast, looking up smiling and chatting into his face, so soft and sweet as a kitten; then suddenly, if he chanced to press those wandering curls against his breast, or to bend too near her lovely upturned face, or to breathe a word of tenderness, off she went with a toss of the head and a curl of the lip, and as likely as not, some such speech as: "I do wish you would not be so foolish, John Holt!"

He never got angry with her. How could he? But sometimes a shadow would drop over his face, and he wouldn't have much to say to her for a time. Then, when she went to him with her coaxing ways, and laid her little hand on his arm, whispering:

"Now, don't be vexed, John; I like you so much, but I don't want you to talk nonsense," he would look down and smile, though not very brightly, and promise to try to avoid nonsense for the future, ending his promise with a sigh.

"Dear me! I wish you wouldn't sigh so, John!" the girl would say, pettishly. "It makes me feel melancholy to hear you. One would think I had done something dreadful to you."

Then John Holt would smile again, still less brightly, and promise to try not to sigh any more.

Such little scenes as this were more asides, however. Nellie usually paid but little attention to John, being chiefly occupied in dancing, flirting, and quarreling with his more showy brother Frank, or with any other gay fellow who was so unfortunate as to be taken with her pretty face. For Nellie was an incorrigible flirt. It was only when she had no one else to talk to, or wanted to pique some other lover, or when she wanted some real service, that she went to John, who was sometimes pleased and sometimes hurt to see that she came to him only when she wanted help or advice.

"You are a sort of grandfather, you know," she said one day, giving his arm a squeeze. "I have an idea that you are about seventy-five years old. How old are you, John?"

"I am just one-third of that," he said, smiling. "I am only a month past twenty-five."

"Possible! Well, you must have been very old when you were born. Besides, twenty-five is old to me. I am only nineteen. Now, you come and hear my story and tell me what to do. I came over here on purpose to see you."

John followed her obediently through the garden, and down to a bench under the shadow of the beech grove on the lawn; and when she took her seat there he leaned against the trunk of a tree and waited, looking down on her.

"You see, John," she begun, "I've had an offer."

John Holt was tanned that summer, but through the brownness one might have seen a faint blush run over his face. Nellie didn't see it, for she was looking down and rolling her apron tassels, a very bright color in her own face.

There was a moment's silence after this announcement, and seeing that he was expected to say something, John presently said "Yes."

Nellie gave her shoulders an impatient shrug, and looked up. "It's a very good offer," she went on. "I suppose you will guess from whom. It is James Lee. I told him I would think about it, and tell him my decision tomorrow. Now, he's very well off, you know, and when his father dies he will be rich. But then, of course, there's no hurry about that. But the trouble is this, James will live all his days in Riceville, I am positive; and that is dreadful. You know I want to live in a city, and want my husband to make a figure in the world. And James, why, James is almost as much of a deacon as you are."

"You are complimentary," observed John Holt, with a certain quiet dignity. The blush had quite gone from his face, and some of the brownness seemed to have gone, too; for he looked slightly pale.

"Oh, I don't mean any harm, you cross fellow," Nellie said, hastily. "You know I think you are splendid."

"I am much obliged to you," he said, with a stiffness which was quite new to his manner.

"Oh, if you don't want to advise me, I won't trouble you," the girl flung out, rising in a pet.

"Come back, Nellie," he said, kindly. "I am not cross. Only tell me what you want."

She seated herself again with a little quiver in her lip.

"I want you to tell me what you think of James Lee. Tell me if you think I'd better marry him. Tell me if you think he cares enough for me to go just where I say, and live where I wish."

The color wavered again in John Holt's face, and he drew a quick breath. Some impulse to speak seemed to come upon him. Glancing up for his answer, Nellie saw the change, and added a word:

"You see, John, I like Albert Leighton better than I do James."

The color and light dropped out of his face again, and a rim of even white teeth pressed for an instant his under lip.

"Then why don't you marry Albert Leighton?" he asked, looking up into the tree that spread over his head, and reaching to break a slender twig.

"He never asked me to," she answered, demurely.

"I suppose he means to, doesn't he?" asked John, looking at her with a glance that might be called almost haughty.

"How can I tell?" Nellie pouted. "Men are so queer. The most of them would rather wait to be asked, I think."

"If you want my advice, I will give it," John said, twisting and flinging away the little twig in his hand. "If you like Albert, don't keep James in suspense. You have no right to do it. You can't seriously think of marrying one man when you prefer another. If Albert likes you, as I believe he does, take him. He's a good fellow."

"You think so?" the girl said, looking up suddenly.

"I think so," he repeated, turning away. "Now let's go up to the house."

She rose and walked quietly by his side, her fair, girlish face a little pale, her eyes downcast. At the gate she stopped.

"I will not go in now," she said, in a low tone. "I will go home."

He merely bowed, and looking back after a few steps, she saw that he had not entered the house, but was stealing off toward the barn.

The next week James Lee commenced a violent flirtation with Bessie Holt, John's sister, and in a month the two were engaged. Nellie laughed, and turned the light of her smiles upon Albert Leighton, a handsome, dashy fellow, who had been crazy about Lee for the last six months. John Holt said nothing, but was rather cool about his sister's engagement.

"You see, surprise would have killed him," Nellie whispered, mischievously.

"I hope he isn't marrying my sister out of pique toward you," John said, coldly. "If I didn't think Bessie loved him too well to give him up, I would tell her."

"And betray my confidence, John Holt," Nellie exclaimed. "I tell you, he is like most of you men—purely selfish. He didn't care a fig about me. I think he seems to like Bessie."

"When are you going to be married?" he asked, abruptly.

The question came so suddenly that for once the girl lost her composure. A crimson blush swept over her face, and she dropped her eyes without being able to speak a word.

She recovered herself in a minute, and protested that she had no thought of marrying. But the blush had convicted her in John Holt's eyes, and he scarcely heard a word that she said.

It was winter, and while they talked they were waiting, with half a dozen others, for a large sleigh that was coming to take them out to a party given by a friend seven or eight miles off in the country. Even before Nellie's blush had faded, the trampling and jingling at the gate attracted their attention, and Albert Leighton put his head in at the door to call them. Bessie and her lover come forth from an adjoining room, another group came up from a distant window, and they all ran gayly out and bundled into their places.

The party passed off as such things usually do. All seemed to enjoy themselves; Nellie was lovely as a pink and full of mischief, Leighton was attentive, and John Holt was cheerful and kind to everybody. He was fully as quiet as usual, to be sure, and rather avoided Nellie Cramer, but it is doubtful if any one but herself noticed that.

It was twelve o'clock when they started to go home, and the moon had set. At first their gayety held out, but after a mile or so fatigue and want of sleep began to tell on them, and one by one they fell into silence.

"John," Nellie said, "there is just room for me on the seat with you. May I come there? It is cold here."

He made room for her in silence, and she left her discomfitted escort and took her place next that strong shoulder.

Then silence fell again; but after a while, in the darkness, John Holt was aware of a light pressure against his arm, then a soft, plaintive whisper stole into his ear.

"I am so sleepy, John!"

He turned a little—why not? They were old friends—and lifted his arm to the back of the seat, took the head softly and tenderly to his bosom. And so she lay in that faithful and tender clasp till they drew near home; then, with one whispered word of loving gratitude: "Nobody is so good as you!" she drew away, and took Albert Leighton's hand to step out at her own door.

After a stir in his own mind, John Holt concluded that Nellie and Albert had quarreled. He sighed, since she could not hear, and so be annoyed, pitied the girl, and then went steadily about his work. The waters of his soul were too deep for babbling.

When spring came, for the first time in his life John electrified his friends. He was going to California. The announcement was made quietly but firmly, and he stood like a rock against which expostulation beat itself to spray. He gave good reasons, and resolutely maintained his right to choose for himself.

"You have always said, mother, that you wished I were more venturesome," he said. "I am going to please you, now."

"But how is the farm to get along without you?" she objected.

"Frank understands everything, and can manage."

Mrs. Holt took courage, and, breaking over some little awe which, in spite of her talk, she felt for her son, spoke out:

"John, has that Nell Cramer jilted you?"

"Jilted me!" he said, flushing as much with anger as with surprise. "What do you mean, mother? We have always been good friends, but never any more. I never gave her the chance to jilt me."

"Then why don't you give her the chance?" persisted his mother, who did not choose to give up, now that the ice was broken. "Nell is a good girl, if she does flirt a little. I always thought that she liked you, only that you were too slow to see it. Then, Nell has got a little sum of money of her own that wouldn't be amiss."

"You are entirely mistaken, mother," he said, decisively. "Don't let us say any more about it."

"Oh, you great fool!" muttered the mother, looking after him as he went out. "Was there ever a man so blind! He is no more fit to live in the world than an angel out of heaven is."

Then, seeing Nellie Cramer passing the street, she lifted her voice and called her in.

The girl came in, wondering at such a peremptory summons.

"Come and sit by me!" commanded the matron, and Nellie obeyed.

Mrs. Holt scanned her from head to foot, the neat, trim figure in its snugly fitting paletot of dark gray, the green bonnet, that brought out her fresh, clear color with a new luster, and the fair, bright face.

"Did you know that our John is going to California?" asked Mrs. Holt, abruptly, her keen eyes on the girl's face.

All the color faded out of it in an instant, and Nellie Cramer dropped into a chair as suddenly as if she had been shot. She sat there and looked at the other with her strained eyes, but said no word.

"Yes," said Mrs. Holt, unable to repress a slight smile of satisfaction at this proof of the correctness of her surmise; "yes, he's set on going in spite of all I can say. He is going in a month or six weeks. Let me see; this is the middle of April. He says he shall start by the first of June, at furthest."

That smile of Mrs. Holt's was an unfortunate one. Nellie had always feared those sharp eyes, and now the thought flashed into her mind that John's mother was trying to expose and mortify her. A woman's pride will do a good deal for her, even when her heart is breaking. It brought the color to her face again, and strengthened her trembling limbs. It steadied her voice and her eyes. Mrs. Holt was puzzled and disconcerted by the sudden change.

"I am so sorry!" Nellie said, in a tone of fearless regret. "We can scarcely get along without John. He seems such a standby. But men ought not to be tied at home, I think. If they chose to go, they should be allowed their own way. There he is now in the garden. I am going out to speak to him of it."

"Try to coax him to stay, Nellie," said the mother, in a tone of more entreaty than, perhaps, she had ever used in her life before. "He is a good son, and I can't get along without him. I think you can keep him if you will."

This prayer would have been effectual, but for the memory of that smile which rankled in the girl's heart. Had she not given John Holt every encouragement, if he had cared about her? Had she not said and done things so affectionate toward him that she had blushed with shame thinking of them afterward? John was no fool, and if he had cared for her, he might have understood. He had probably been trying to put her back.

With these thoughts burning in her heart, Nellie Cramer went directly to John Holt as he walked up and down the garden. He stopped, seeing her, and looked wistfully into her face. Though he had denied his mother so decidedly, her words had not been without weight. Women understood each other. Could it be possible? and there was Nellie coming down the walk. Her head was erect, and her face perfectly composed, though slightly pale.

"I am so sorry," she begun. "Your mother has been telling me of your plans. Of course, you know best what is good for you, and I have been telling her to let you have your own way. But we shall all be sorry to lose you, John."

That was all. He gave a last grasp at his self-command, and held it. There was a short, formal conversation, both so engaged in making a pretense of being kind and friendly, and just as usual, that each could not perceive that the other was also making a pretense; and four weeks after they parted with tolerable composure, and John Holt went to California.

He stayed there five years, and sent his mother her gold spoon. He stayed three years longer, and then came home himself. Nellie was Nellie Cramer still, they told him, and was much sobered. Some way she hadn't seemed to care much about flirting for several years. Her father and mother were dead, and she was keeping house for an unmarried brother. There were hints that the new minister went to see her very often, but Mrs. Holt didn't believe that Nellie would look at him.

John listened, and when evening came took his hat and went out for a walk. No one but his own family as yet knew of his return, and he was resolved to see himself the effect of his coming on Nellie. The soft spring twilight was settling down when he reached her house, and as he walked quietly up the path, a slight figure sat in a window, looking out, singing lowly to herself in a mournful reverie. She did not see him, but when he came nearer he saw her face clearly. The round outlines and bright color were gone, but he was forced to own that she had grown far more beautiful. The chastened luster of the eyes, the firmer, sweeter closing of the mouth, the purer and more perfect outlines—all belonged to one who had eaten of the bread of sorrow, and had found a blessing in its bitterness.

Something swept over his heart with passionate force—some regret, some longing, he scarce knew what. If he had suffered at losing her eight years before, he felt that such a loss now would kill him. He quietly entered the open door, paused on the threshold of the room where she sat alone. She still sung softly, but, as he looked, stopped, sighed, and became silent.

"Nellie!" he would have said, but his voice was only a whisper.

He went forward into the shadowy room.

"Is it you, James?" she said, half turning, expecting her brother.

John took a step nearer, and this time his voice did not fail.

"Nellie!"

She started, half rose, hesitated, then, as he took one step nearer, sprung with a glad cry into his extended arms.

"I thought you never would come, John!" she sobbed.

"Were you waiting for me?" he asked. "Did you care for me before I went away?"

"Then and always, John. How could you be so blind?"

John Holt smoothed her hair tenderly, for one moment of silence; then exclaimed, as though some great truth had suddenly dawned upon him.

"I deserved it! I always thought them wrong, but they were right. I was, indeed, a great fool!"

The Honey Bee.

There are some things in the history of the honey bee which shows a fidelity and devotion that is really touching. There is something almost human in their loyalty to their sovereigns. Several instances are upon record where bees watched over and guarded the remains of their queen for days, licking and caressing her as though they were trying to restore her to life. Though food was supplied they refused to eat, and at the end of four days every bee was dead.

When a queen makes a royal progress through the hive she is always attended by a body guard, not a particular number of bees which are devoted to her person, but a body guard which forms itself at her approach out of the subjects through whom she is about to pass, but who fall back into their regular work when she has gone by. She never lacks the most dutiful and devoted attention; those about her, whenever she moves, caress her, offer her honey, and cluster around her to keep her warm if she is chill.

When a swarm loses a queen, they are at first in deep and violent grief; if a new queen is immediately given to them, they refuse to accept her. If, however, twenty-four hours is allowed to elapse, they reconcile themselves to the idea of her loss, and receive a substitute with royal honors.

The instinct of the bees denies all our traditions of instinct, it adapts itself to circumstances, overcomes law and unexpected obstacles, benefits by experience, employs temporary expedients, and then casts them aside when the occasion for their use is gone, in a way which is marvelously like reason. It is, indeed, difficult to draw any line between the two qualities when looked at in minute detail; it is only in its cumulative power, which produces such different effects, that we can dare to make the distinction, and then we are at a loss for a definition. It is strange to find in the insect world, among an order of beings so low in the scale of the naturalist, a faculty so near akin to the divine gift of reason which is man's crowning glory. But it is just here among the bees and among the ants that it is most marvelous and most perfect.—*Scientific American.*

A Story of Gambling.

Some twenty-eight years ago, said Senator Jones, of Nevada, I went to California, and on the way out was an old gambler, with a set out of faro boxes, roulette tables, etc. He took a liking to me, and he said: "Johnny, I'll tell you a secret that may save you many a dollar. Do you see this wheel? It's circle is black and red, and they bet on the colors—a nearly even chance. Now, watch me, Johnny, as I set here and spin the ball. Do you see me gently raise my knee and press under the frame of the table? Well, those red and black compartments are connected by two sets of wires. I raise my knee when I see that the bulk of money is on the red, and that wire running through the reds trills and trembles, so that the ball won't rest on any red cell, but is repelled and settles in some black spot. Johnny, remember this when you have bagged your gold dust." I went into a gambling house about a year afterward to make a stake. There was a fine, fighting gambler sitting there spinning roulette. Said I to myself: "Young man, I'll just take a peep at your knees." He raised them very gently, and I planted my money against the pile, knowing that when he swept the great amount off for the red he must pay the black. So I picked up a hundred dollars or so. Every time I hit it. That gambler got his eye on me. It was an eye full of smallpox audacity. He addressed me finally in a loud tone of voice. Said he: "Didn't I tell you never to come here again? Didn't I tell you that this was a place for gentlemen? This a gentleman's game. That man, gentlemen, it is my duty to warn you against; that loafer is a thief." Well, continued Jones, I had never in my life been there before, but I saw the scheme. If I resented what the boss said there were forty fellows there, cappers and so forth, to kick me down stairs and rob me, so I meekly said: "Well, sir, I do not wish to make any disturbance here. If you don't want me here I'll take my money and go."

A Stage Kiss.

The other night at the imperial opera, Vienna, a handsome tenor, Bastiano Widmann, having to kiss the soprano, Signorina Giovanni, in Lortzing's opera of the "Armourer," that lady, at the rehearsal, requested him to "make believe" in the correct Viennese manner. When the proper moment came at the first performance the handsome tenor plumply and resonantly kissed the astonished soprano upon her rosy lips. Signorina Giovanni, after the curtain fell, went in a pretty rage to the manager and complained. The manager sent for the handsome tenor and requested him to restrain his ardor. When the second representation took place, Signorina Giovanni, distrusting him, exclaimed, loud enough for the house to hear: "I will excuse you from the kiss." The handsome tenor, incensed at the insult, responded in a stage whisper: "Thank God for that. Who wants to kiss such an old thing?" The house sat appalled. Signorina Giovanna flounced off the stage and the handsome tenor has been bidden to apologize or abscond.

If I Had Leisure.

"If had leisure I would repair that weak place in my fence," said a farmer. He had none, however, and while drinking cider with a neighbor the cows broke in and injured a prime piece of corn. "If I had leisure," said a wheelwright last winter, "I would alter my stovepipe, for I know it is not safe." But he did not find time, and when his shop caught fire and burned down he found time to build another. "If I had leisure," said the mechanic, "I should have my work done in season." The man thinks his time has been all occupied, but he was not at work till after sunrise; he quit work at five o'clock, smoked a cigar after dinner and spent two hours on the street talking nonsense with an idler. "If I had leisure," said a merchant, "I would pay more attention to my accounts and would try and collect my bills more promptly." The chance is, my friend, if you had leisure you would probably pay less attention to the matter.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

How a Newspaper Man Cheated the Sioux—Retreat of the Thirty Under Grouard, the Scout.

We were looking death full in the face, says a correspondent of a Chicago paper, and so close that we could feel his cold breath upon our foreheads, and his icy grip upon our hearts. "No surrender," was the word passed from man to man. Each one of us would have blown out his own brains rather than fall alive into Indian hands. A disabling wound would have been the same as death. I have often wondered how a man felt when he saw inevitable, sudden doom before him. I know it now, for I had no idea of escape, and could not have suffered more if an Indian knife or bullet had pierced my heart. So it was with all of us. It is one thing to face death in the midst of excitement. It is quite another thing to meet him in almost cold blood, with the prospect of your dishonored carcase being first mutilated and then left to feed the fox and the vulture. After a man once sees the skull and crossbones as our party saw it on the afternoon of July 7, no subsequent glimpse of grim mortality can possibly impress him in the same manner. Well, the eternal shadows were fast closing around us; the bullets were hitting nearer every moment, and the Indian yell was growing stronger and fiercer, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a soldier named Rufus, my neighbor on the skirmish line, said: "The rest are retiring, Lieutenant Sibley tells us to do the same." I quietly withdrew from the friendly pine tree which had kept at least a dozen Indian bullets from making havoc of my body. "Go to your saddle bags and take all your ammunition," said Sibley, as I passed him. "We are going to abandon the horses. The Indians are all around us, and we must take to the rocks on foot. It is our only chance." I did as directed, but felt a pang at leaving my noble beast, which was bleeding from a wound in the side. We dared not shoot our horses, for that would discover our movement to the enemy. Grouard advised this proceeding.

With a celerity which was only possible to men struggling for life, and to escape a dreadful fate, our party obeyed their orders, and, in Indian file, retired through the wood and fallen trees in our rear, toward the east, firing a volley and some scattering shots before we moved out, to make the Indians believe we were still in position. Our horses were evidently visible to the savages—a circumstance that facilitated our escape. We ran for a mile through the forest, waded Tongue river (the head waters) up to our waist, and gained the rocks of the mountain range, where no Indian pony could follow us, when we heard five or six scattering volleys in succession. It was the final fire of the Indians before they made their charge at our late "corral" to get our scalps. "We are safe for the present," said Grouard, with a grim smile, "but let us lose no time in putting more rocks between us and the White Antelope." We followed his advice with a feeling of thankfulness which only men in such trials can ever know. How astonished the Indians must have been when they ran in upon the maimed horses and did not get a single scalp! Even under such circumstances as we were placed in, we had a little laugh at their expense. But we had escaped one danger only to encounter another. Fully forty five miles of mountain rock and forest lay between us and Crook's camp. We could not carry a single particle of food, and had to throw away everything superfluous in the way of clothing. With at least five hundred Indians behind us, and uncounted precipices before us, we found our rifles and one hundred rounds of ammunition each, a sufficient load to carry. The brave Grouard, the ablest of scouts, conducted our retreat, and we marched, climbed, and tumbled over places that at other times would have been impossible to us, until midnight. Then we halted under an immense pile of rocks on the top of the mountain, and there witnessed one of the most terrible wind storms that can be imagined. Long before dawn we were again stumbling through the rocks and forest, and at daylight reached the tremendous canyon cut in the mountains by what is called the eastern fork of Tongue river. Most of our men were too exhausted to make the descent of the canyon, so Grouard led us through an open valley down by the river, on the left bank, for two miles as hard as we could go, for if discovered there by the savages, we could only halt and die together. Fortune favored us, and we made the right bank of the stream unobserved, being then about twenty-five miles from Crook's headquarters. In our front were the plains of the eastern slope, full of hostile Indians, while our only avenue of escape was to climb over the tremendous precipice which formed the right side of the canyon.

But the dauntless Grouard was equal to the crisis. He scaled that gigantic wall diagonally, and led us along a mere squirrel path, not more than a foot wide, with an abyss five hundred feet below, and with a sheer wall of rock two hundred feet high above us. After an hour's herculean toil we gained the crest and saw the point of the mountain, about twenty miles distant, where lay our camp. This, as may be imagined, was a blissful vision, but we were half dead with fatigue, and some of us were almost famine stricken. Yet the indefatigable Grouard would not stop until we reached the eastern foothills, where we made a dive into the valley to obtain water, our only refreshment on that hard, rugged road. Scarcely had we slaked our thirst, when Grouard led us up the hills again, and we had barely reached the timber when, around the rocks, at the point we had doubled shortly before, appeared another strong party of Sioux. This made us desperate. Every man examined his rifle and looked to his ammunition. We all felt that life would be too dearly purchased by further flight, and, following the example of the brave young Sibley and the two gallant scouts, we took up our position among the rocks on the knoll we had reached, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. "Finerty," said Sibley to me, "we are in hard luck, but we'll show the red scoundrels how white men can die. Boys (turning to the soldiers), we have a good position; let every shot dispose of an Indian."

At that moment not a man among us felt any inclination to get away. Desperation and revenge had usurped the place of the animal instinct to preserve our lives. But we were spared the ordeal. The Sioux failed to observe us, and, very fortunately, they did not advance high enough to find our trail, but kept eastward on the lower branch of Tongue river. Thoroughly worn out we all fell asleep, excepting the tireless scouts, and awoke at dark somewhat refreshed. Not a man of us, Sioux or no Sioux, could endure the mountain journey longer, so we took our jaded hunted lives into our hands, and struck along the valley, actually wading Big Goose creek up to our arm pits, at three o'clock Sunday morning, the water being cold as the mountain snow could make it. Two men, Sergeant Cornwell and Private Collins, were too exhausted to cross, so they hid in the brush until we sent two companies of cavalry after them, when we reached camp. After crossing Big Goose we were nearly a dozen miles from our camp on Little Goose creek, and you may judge how badly we were used up, when it took four hours to make six miles. The rocks had skinned our feet, and starvation had weakened our frames. Only a few were vigorous enough to push on. At five o'clock we saw a few more Indians but we took no pains to conceal ourselves further. They evidently mistook us for a camp outguard, and, being only a handful, kept away. At seven o'clock we met some cavalry out hunting, and we sent into camp for horses, as most of them could go no further. Captain De Wees, and Rowelle, of the Second cavalry, came out for us with led horses, and we reached camp at ten o'clock Monday morning, amid congratulations from every side. The men who remained at Goose creek were brought in some hours later. Thus, after passing through incredible danger and great privation, every man of our thirty, unwounded, as by a miracle, found himself safe in Camp Cloud Peak, surrounded by comrades. For conducting this retreat with such consummate success, Frank Grouard deserves the highest place among the scouts of the American continent.

Sioux War Parties.

To organize a war party, a few bucks will go around the camp at midnight singing love songs to the squaws, and finishing with a signal song, saying they are going to the Medicine rock (a well known landmark about twenty miles from the camp), and will wait four days; all those wishing to join procure their ammunition and necessaries, leave camp quietly at different times, and on the fourth day all are at the Medicine rock, where they agree upon the route and choose a leader. They start for the enemy's camp by an outside, untraveled road, to hide their trail, traveling about twenty miles a day, keeping in the timber as much as possible. If the enemy should discover their trail they would be cut off and few escape.

When within ten miles of the enemy's village they leave the extra horses, etc., with the boys in the timber and proceed, with their war rig and horses, to the village at night and get under cover behind a knoll or in the woods. They are very cautious, and prefer waiting to find some buck looking for his ponies, or squaw going for wood, that they may have a sure thing of getting a scalp and little danger of losing one. On finding their victim in a safe position, they charge on him, like a pack of wolves, and the first warrior striking the enemy with a hand instrument counts the coup and some of the others scalp him.

The firing is heard in the village and all is excitement and confusion, the bucks and squaws rushing for their ponies, children crying and dogs barking. The attacking parties have got the scalp and are off like the wind and the others after them, taking different routes to try and head them off; but it generally proves useless, as the Sioux have the start, and the hardy war horse will carry them two hundred miles in twenty-four hours if necessary to escape.

On their return to camp, the war horse, being now reduced to a mere skeleton after his long race, is turned in the herd, and on the nutritious buffalo grass soon recuperates and is able for his master's next service. The warriors are feasted by nearly every lodge in the camp, and repeat over and over every little incident and detail of the whole trip. They are listened to with the most marked attention and approving words and gestures by the men, women and children. The little youngsters' eyes glisten and almost pop out with joy and admiration at the account of twenty or thirty warriors charging an old man or squaw, counting the coup, and scalping them, and wind up by saying that if it had not been so cold they would have killed all, when they ran like scared coyotes the moment they were pursued.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our illusions.

It is beautifully said that the veil of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

Thefts never enrich, alms never impoverish, and prayers hinder no work.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health seldom; waste of time never.

David's pen never wrote more sweetly than when dipped in the ink of affliction.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits the most glorious triumph.

There is no readier way of bringing your own worth into question than by detracting from the worth of others.

God will not refuse the poor offerings of poor people; but he will not accept the poor offerings of the rich.

The teacher who governs well gains more by waiting than talking. Many words are an evidence of weakness, not of strength.

Losses may be about the most profitable outlays you ever made, if you take into account what they sometimes save you afterward.

Some men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

Fear small temptations rather than great ones. These come only now and then; those every day. Beware of being witty at the expense of reverence; sarcastic at the expense of charity; entertaining at the expense of truth; coarse at the expense of purity.

Enthusiasm of the Servians.

Of the enthusiasm of all Servia, and of all Sclaves outside of Servia, in favor of this war, a correspondent writes, there can be no doubt. The atrocious rule of the Turks when they governed this country, their bad administration in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria at the present time, and the barbarous cruelty practiced in times of insurrection on even the most peaceable of the Christian subjects of the sultan by Bashi-Bazouks, Kedifs, Circassians, and other irregular troops employed in the work of endeavoring to put down these risings by fire and sword, have sunk so deeply into the souls of the Servians, that never will there be peace in this country until the last trace of Mussulman rule is a thing of the past.

The monks have left their convents to march with the columns going to do battle, and inspire them by the cross which they hold aloft at the head of the battalions. Every man and woman in Servia regards the war as one in the cause of Christ and country, and I have not met one of them in any class of life who could be made to understand why Servia should not have the sympathy of every Christian nation.

VERY PROUD.—The late Lord Alvanley, who was delightfully odd, met the proud Lord of Durham at Aloopka, Prince Woronzow's place on the Euxine, and Durham, who was filled with an amazing quantity of consequence, said, in referring to some scene of English home life: "I was obliged to assert my dignity, for the fellows had found out who I was." The wit looked up and rejoined: "Ah! and who were you?"

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Returning Confidence—Reviving Trade—A View of the Situation.

In a few weeks three years will have elapsed since the breaking out of the panic of 1873. The fictitious rise in values enabled those holding merchandise, stocks, mills, manufactures and real property to borrow largely from capitalists and corporations. In many cases these stocks and properties were mortgaged to the extent of seventy-five per cent. of their then estimated value. In point of fact the actual increase of national wealth during these three prosperous years amounted only to the surplus produced each year, which was utterly insignificant when compared with the great increase in all values throughout the country. Meantime an enormous amount of indebtedness was piled up. The crisis of 1873 was simply an awakening of the whole community to the actual state of affairs. Every one desired to realize; every one desired to be paid. Values receded much more rapidly than they had advanced. Confidence was destroyed, and very justly so, as it became patent that a heavy percentage of those indebted were utterly and hopelessly bankrupt. Their margins and equities were destroyed by the depreciation of the stocks, merchandise and real properties, which had, under other conditions, formed the basis of their supposed wealth. The major part of these people put off the day of reckoning as long as possible, and hence it is that the number of failures increased so steadily during the three years of disaster we have just passed through.

What percentage of these failures are fraudulent it is difficult to say; but that numerous unscrupulous debtors avail themselves of the facilities which are afforded by generous creditors to rid themselves of indebtedness, and start afresh with the capital of their victims, is beyond a doubt. Experience of this kind tends to infuse a greater element of caution in future business transactions, which is much to be desired in this community. It would seem from the semi-annual statement of Dun, Barlow & Co., showing the number of failures throughout the United States and Canada, for the first two quarters of the present year, that the number of failures and the volume of liabilities is very much on the decline. They culminated with the last quarter of 1875, when they reached $70,000,000, declining during the first quarter of 1876 to $64,000,000, and during the second quarter to $43,000,000, showing a decline of $21,000,000 over the first quarter of 1876 and a decline of $27,000,000 over the last quarter of 1875. During the last three years, while failures were taking place in every direction, almost all business has been transacted on steadily declining values, and, consequently, at a loss. More than three-quarters of the weak brethren have liquidated by bankruptcy. An immense mass of individual indebtedness has been actually paid in hard cash, while fully nine-tenths of the outstanding indebtedness is amply secured, taking even present low prices as the standard of value. Forced economy has prevailed in almost every household, with almost every individual, since the fall of 1873.

The great falling off of our foreign imports denotes one phase of this economy. The foreign imports at the port of New York alone fell from $420,385,032 in 1873 to $306,090,852 in 1874, to $367,358,908 in 1875, and to $306,743,366 in 1876, for the fiscal years ending June 30. New York transacted in 1874 fifty-seven per cent. of the foreign commerce (imports and domestic exports) of the whole country. In three years the imports at this port alone have declined to the extent of $113,641,666, and a further decline will undoubtedly be established during the current year. While people have bought sparingly of all descriptions of manufactured goods the cost of production has been greatly diminished. The farmer is in want of everything known as "store goods." His crops have been abundant during the last four years. The production has been large and a greater area has been planted. The sources of the country's agricultural wealth are rapidly increasing. As a single instance of this increase the corn production of Kansas grew from sixteen millions of bushels in 1874 to eighty millions in 1875. In a word, all those above enumerated facts combined have had the effect of reviving confidence among merchants, manufacturers, builders and traders. The public have come to the conclusion that the period of depression has passed and is about to be succeeded by a period of activity and prosperity. The rebound will not be sharp or quick, nor should we desire that it should be. With the early fall we may confidently look for a very considerable change for the better in all branches of business.—*New York Herald.*

Alas! Poor Child.

One ridiculous sight at the Grand Union garden party, says a Saratoga letter, was that of a little three-year-old, who was dressed in a rose colored silk, with a yard of her mamma's point lace flounce for an overdress, and who wore tiny white gloves, pearl fan pendant, pink silk stockings, and with kid boots the same color. Well, this baby started off well pleased to dance with another baby of her own age, but, seeing a companion of the like tender years dancing with a boy several years her senior, she came down the lawn with her mouth wide open, and her hands spread in frantic fashion, screaming vigorously, and when she reached her anxious mother yelled out with the passion of an enraged child: "I want to dance with a boy; I won't dance with a girl." Poor little thing! That is her beginning of woes, for there are numerous maidens all forlorn who would cry aloud if they could for masculine partners.

Her Heart.

She was an angel blonde, and she tripped through the market until she reached a stall where a handsome butcher stood. "Have you a heart?" she said, blushing timidly. "Have I a heart, miss?" responded the butcher. "Do you think that I can watch you day after day and see your eyes droop as they meet mine—that I can feel your velvet breath upon my cheek as I stoop to serve you—and not have a heart? Ah, maiden, I am all heart, and you ask me have I one?" "Yes," she sighed, faintly, "this is beautiful, this is divine, but it ain't the kind I want this morning, so give me a bullock's heart, quick, and trim it for stuffing, for my old man is after his dinner."

A Brave Officer.

During one of the expeditions into the Caucasus Ignatieff ordered a battery of artillery under a captain named Serguieff to shell a column of the enemy that threatened to outflank his forces. The order was obeyed, but the shells did not explode, and produced no more effect than round shot. Ignatieff galloped to the battery and addressed the captain in language rather more vigorous than complimentary. He calmly lifted a shell in one hand and applied a portfire to the fuse with the other; then remarked to the general: "As you see, general, the powder is bad." The general sprung from his horse and embraced him, crying: "

The Centre Reporter.

P. GRAY MEEK.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 7, 1876.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.

Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

FOR PRESIDENT:

SAMUEL J. TILDEN, of New York.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

THOS. A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana.

ASSEMBLY:

JAMES F. WEAVER, Milesburg.
W. K. ALEXANDER, Penn.

ASSOCIATE JUDGES:

JOHN DIVENS, Walker.
MAJ. SAM'L FRANK, Miles.

JURY COMMISSIONER.

JOHN RISHEL, of Gregg.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

To secure the right to vote in Pennsylvania, all persons must be assessed two months before the election and have paid a State or county tax (either will do) within two years. In case the tax is paid this year, it must be a month before the election.

Foreign born citizens wishing to vote next November must take out their naturalization papers a month before the election. They must also be assessed two months previous to the day of voting, and must have paid a tax as above.

The election will be held on Tuesday, the 7th day of November.

Wed'say, September 6, is the last day for being assessed.

Thursday, October 5, is the last day for securing naturalization papers.

Thursday, October 5, is the last day on which taxes can be paid in legal time to vote.

The above dates should be carefully remembered and acted on by all voters.

The Republican cackles a hatful over its county ticket. Next fall it will be in mourning and its favorites up Salt River. Better spend your wind on agricultural topics, neighbor.

The Democracy of Elk county have declared in favor of Hon. L. A. Mackey's re-nomination for Congress. This being the last county in the district to speak, settles the matter in favor of Mr. Mackey. We look for the withdrawal of the names of Col. Bush, of our county and of Hon. Andrew Reed of Mifflin, when the conference meets, so that the deserved compliment of a nomination by acclamation for re-election may be extended to Col. Mackey, who has represented this district so ably and with fidelity. Every democrat feels proud of our representative in congress, and even some of the republican organs have spoken in terms of praise of his services. We are not disappointed, and feel proud that the Reporter was one of the first papers in the district to bring him forward for congress. His first term reflects credit upon him and he will be returned with a majority greater than the extraordinary one given him two years ago. We predict that Col. Mackey will serve a second term with the same fidelity that characterises his first.

Grant and his household in company with some of the leading ringsters, and jobbers intend putting in a nice time, the last two months, at public expense, in a government vessel. The little affair described below will cost several thousand dollars. The coal to run the vessel, the hands on board, the provisions, vines and all other expenses of a steamboat pleasure trip, will be drawn from the public treasury just as the expenses for similar junketings have been taken from the public purse heretofore, and is a clear steal. A despatch from Washington, 28 ult., says: Having secured a sufficient amount of money by retiring a large number of active navy officers, and make all the political capital possible by falsely asserting that the Democratic House forced him to do it, Secretary Robeson finds himself pecuniarily able to give the White House ring its annual junket at the Government expense, and set sail to-day in the United States steamer Tallapoosa for a two-months pleasure trip. The party at the start was rendered small by the fact that the President and main body have already gone to Philadelphia, besides the jolly Secretary, eighteen pieces of the Marine Band and a full supply of highwines and other necessaries. The vessel to-day only carried off the regal crowd, J. L. Redfern, who loves Robeson and his contracts, about equally; a son of ex-Senator Cole, of California, and Commodore B. W. Taylor. At Philadelphia, however, the circle will be filled out, as the programme has it, by the President and Mr. Grant Colonel Fred and wife, Ulysses, jr., Mrs. Marshal Sharp, Miss Bessie Sharp, Mrs. General Dent, B. C. Dent, et id omne genus. The Tallappoosa has been announced for a week as loading with freight for one of the sloops-of-war at Norfolk. It will proceed to Philadelphia, Newport and Rye Beach, furnishing free accommodations, &c., for a prolonged trip to the Centennial and along shore.

Gen. M'Clellan in his letter endorsing Tilden well says: "It is now abundantly evident that had not a Democratic House been elected in 1874, it would have been impossible to unearth the various instances of maladministration that have come to light, and it is equally clear that until the Government passes into the hands of the Democrats, we shall never know the whole truth, whatever it may be, and we need to know the truth as to the past, that it may serve to guide us in the future."

The N. Y. Sun, like the Reporter well says that business men all over the country are crying out for a total change in the character of the Administration. To secure that, they must vote for Tilden, well knowing that the election of Hayes will mean the continuance of Grantism, with its Zach Chandlers, Secor Robesons and Don Camerons still ruling the roost.

Hayes sent a letter to Grant a short time ago telling him that he endorses his administration. Just as we said all along. How can reform be expected from Hayes then?

James B. Belford, a son of Dr. S. Belford, of Lewistown, has been nominated for congress by the Colorado republicans. But Colorado goes largely democratic, you see!

A CHANGE.

But the Times of to-day, for party reasons, vilifies Mr. Tilden to its heart's content. It finds nothing to say either for or against Hayes and Wheeler. Its main efforts are directed against Tilden and Hendricks. It assumes a sort of guardianship over the Democratic tigers, but neglects the Republican oysters. It laments over the recent coalescence of Democrats, and fears that our reunion will help the Republicans? Next November will settle that. The people demand a change of administration, and will have it. The days of the Republican party are numbered!

TILDEN'S REFORM.

In his dealings with the rogues who had gained access to some of the most important positions in his State, Gov. Tilden has displayed the manner in which he will pursue the work of reform when the control of the affairs of the nation is placed in his hands. He has been but about eighteen months in the Executive chair of New York, yet in that time he has originated and carried into operation, measures which have reduced the expenditures in one department only to the extent of two and a half million dollars annually. He has also exposed and completely destroyed an elaborate system of frauds by which the State has been annually robbed of large amounts of its canal revenues, he has broken up the largest most influential, and most compact of the plundering rings which have infested the state. He has driven out of the field, and in some cases into the State prison, the horde of dishonest contractors and officials who were stealing the people's money. He has carefully watched the proceedings of the Legislature, and by vetoing improvident acts, has reduced the appropriations for general purposes about a million of dollars. He has caused the State taxes to be cut down nearly fifty per cent. This is reforming in a way that the people can understand. Honest and dishonest alike can appreciate at its full value such services as these. The former show their estimate of its value by rallying to his banner; the latter by straining every nerve to prevent the inauguration of this kind of work at Washington. The mass of the people is however, enrolled on the side of honesty, and is determined to give the Great Reformer the widest possible scope for a display of his genius in the field which, with such eminent success, he has cultivated in New Hork.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

In the administration of the government all political and religious differences, all distinctions of race and color, must be utterly and irretrievably abolished. Those who being invested with authority, use their influence to stir up strife between the different races under their control, are enemies of mankind and obstructors of the advance of civilization. The present Executive is guilty of this heinous crime, and asks for permission to continue in the opportunity for its commission. The public is however, aroused to the necessity of placing its strong restraining hand upon these men; it knows that the scenes of turmoil and bloodshed, with the records of which our Republican brethern are continually assailing our ears, will never cease until, as Governor Hendricks tersely puts it in his letter of acceptance, "the power for evil is taken away from a party that makes political gain out of scenes of violence and bloodshed, and the constitutional authority is placed in the hands of men whose political welfare requires that peace and good order shall be preserved everywhere.

WHY "DON" WAS APPOINTED.

The Sun in its issue of 28 ult. tells it as handsomely as truthfully why Simon's Don was appointed. It remarks that the President's isolation was growing painful. His trusted friends were stepping down and out on every side, each with the nation's hiss of "thief!" in his rear. Schenck, Belknap, Shepherd, Williams, Delano, Creswell, Babcock, carpet-baggers, brother-in-law, whisky thieves, bribe takers, an endless procession of the President's favorites marching down into the shades of historical infamy. He had thought he would continue to the close without loading up with Simon Cameron. Simon had led him on various fishing excursions into the wilds of Pennsylvania, and between drinks and bites, poured into his ear the tale of Don's extraordinary accomplishments, and still Grant had remained firm. But he was in sore want of a new prop to lean upon—the old ones being rotten and shaky—and in the eighth year of his disgraceful administration he staggered up and fell against Simon Cameron as the last hope of support. Simon solemnly agreed to pull him through—to save him from repudiation by his own party—to nominate a candidate for President who would not be objectionable, and to carry the November elections in the good old Pennsylvania style.

The Bellefonte Republican has a profusion of correspondents. The fellow who does up its Millheim epistles gives the Reporter a few sly digs. One thinks we are a fool for supporting the democratic ticket, because certain democrats are seeking to injure the Reporter; another says the Reporter is aroused from its "languor and comatose condition." This is too bad, we mean the "comatose." If some ill-disposed Democrats are seeking to hurt the Reporter, they do it without cause. There is no democratic paper in the state that can show up a truer record of devotion to the party than the Reporter, although some for whose election we have worked have "fooled" us. With very few exceptions, thus far, all candidates elected by our party, and with the aid of the Reporter, and its numerous friends, have dealt fairly with us and have acted like honorable men and good democrats, and if some choose to act a different part and go "back on us" as the Republican's correspondent has it, we do not see that such conduct should make us swerve from Democracy or that it makes us a "fool" either. If the above writers think the county treasurer, or the sheriff, or any other officer whom this paper and its democratic friends in Pennsvalley in good faith assisted to elect, intend to "go back" on the Reporter, we are not a "fool" on that account, for we had a right to expect the same fair treatment that was shown us by all previous officers, and prefer to leave the matter for our democratic friends to think over.

The radical camp is thinning out for good men. Here is the way those go who don't endorse Hayes and Grantism:

General Sigel who has been the Republican candidate for Secretary of State of New York—the gallant German soldier—is for Samuel J. Tilden.

Gideon Welles, the honest Secretary of the Navy in Lincoln's Cabinet, is for Samuel J. Tilden.

Ex-Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, the friend of Lincoln, and the gallant soldier, who was elected Govenor of his State by the Republicans, is for Samuel J. Tilden.

Montgomery Blair, another member of the Lincoln Cabinet, and one of the original members of the Republicon party, is for Samuel J. Tilden.

Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, one of the great lights of the Republican party during the war, and since, is for Samuel J. Tilden.

Charles Francis Adams, the ablest of our foreign ministers under Lincoln's administration, is for Samuel J. Tilden.

A Frenchman has discovered that there are seventy-one different kinds of whales. In November the Americans will discover another one—a Hayes whaled, Wait Til-den.

THE N. Y. "TIMES" THANKS MR. TILDEN.

"If anything can arouse the New York public to that pitch of indignation which alone becomes them in the present crises it is the account which we publish today. Here we have, thanks to the labors of Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, full and conclusive evidence that Wm. M. Tweed differs only from a common thief in having stolen tens of thousands instead of tens of dollars."—The N. Y. Times, Oct 30th, 1871.

The democratic state convention, of New York, met at Saratoga, last week and did a magnificent thing—it nominated Horatio Seymour for governor by acclamation. Ex-Gov. Seymour week before the convention met persistantly refused to be considered a candidate. The people have called upon him and his patriotism will lead him to obey the call.

Horatio Seymour has declined the nomination for Governor of New York unanimously tendered him by the democracy of that state. His reasons are ill-health and a desire to hold no more offices. The ex-governors declination will be received with regret all over the country. The state committee will fill the vacancy.

Col. Hyatt's Military Academy is one of the institutions of which Pennsylvania should be proud. Not long ago, a member of Congress on the floor of the House said that it was a question with many competent judges "whether their drill was inferior to that of the West Point Cadets." Physical training should go along with the mental and the moral to accomplish the best results of a good education. To be simply a good scholar is not enough. Too many small boys with pale intellectual faces and puny bodies are seen going to the schools all around us. Their physical development seems to have been overlooked altogether. They may become learned, but they will be very likely to die early.

It is a satisfaction to know that there are some schools where great stress is laid upon the health of the body and its normal development. Nothing secures this so perfectly as a wise military drill under well-trained instructors. This is found under the very best conditions at the Pennsylvania Military Academy near Chester. Col. Hyatt, its head, is an army officer, and his corps of teachers are among the most competent in the land. The curriculum covers a full range of studies, professional and practical, including literature, the sciences and art fitting pupils for business or professional life.

The September school-days are approaching. The parental mind is agitated by the question "where shall my boy go?" For one, we should seek for him an institute that, while it gives all the advantage of a finished education, adds to it a discipline that improves the physical health, promotes the fullest and finest bodily development, secures a manly bearing, and instills habits of obedience to authority, and other good principles, that can nowhere be so well taught as in a school such as we have named. The Colonel, will be pleased to send a circular of information to all who wish it.

Hon. Heister Clymer of Pennsylvania, who became the bete noir of the Republican press as soon as he caught Belknap in his crime. Before that he was rather well thought of by the Republicans, but they never forgive any one who catches an official thief. To Mr. Clymer's ability and promptness in forcing B'knap's confession the Grantities justly ascribed their failure in re-nominating the President, and a large part of the gloom that now enshrouds their cause.

Col. Bob. Ingersoll.—Col. Ingersoll, who nominated Blaine at Cincinnati, has gone to stump Maine. He is the most brilliant of Radical orators, and the ablest infidel in the United States. He entirely disbelieves in the existence of God, and showed the courage of his opinions by officiating recently at the funeral of his father-in-law, at which he would permit no religious ceremony.—*Portland Argus.*

Lewisburg, August 28.—The democrats of Union county in convention assembled to-day nominated John Walls for Congress, A. H. Dill for Senator, D. W. Pellman for Sheriff, Martin Rudy for Associate Judge. Union will improve handsomely on her former democratic votes.

The New York Times wants Tilden to withdraw. And that would be a good thing for Haye's, would it not? Well Uncle Samuel will not be ready to withdraw until 4 th of March, when he will withdraw to the white-house.

Furrows six miles long are talked of on a farm in Dakota. That's nothing—the democrats will plow a furrow through the radical Hay field that will extend from Jersey to California.

At last the Republican ticket is completed, and we see clearly the candidates between whom we are to choose. Which is it to be, Tilden and Hendricks, or Hayes and Kilpatrick?

Has Mr. Bristow, the great internal Reformer of the administration, anything to fear from revelations as to his manner of conducting the Whisky Ring prosecutions, that he is trying to make himself so serviceable in the Republican canvass?

If Governor Hayes is annoyed that so little notice is taken of him by either side in the present canvass, why does he not endeavor to do something that shall be worthy the attention of his fellow-citizens?

The difference has just here, Hayes tells what he will not do, and Tilden tells what he will do. The one is an equivocation—the other is a pledge.

Where you come across a knot of three men abusing "old man Tilden," you will find that two of them are office-holders who expect to loose their "jobs."

"If it takes every Northern man and every Northern dollar we must hold the Union together," said Mr. Tilden when Fort Sumpter was bombarded.

The New York World has no doubt that Mr. Tilden will, in his own way and time, think it not unbecoming his position "to set his foot upon the charges."

Every Southern State which has been ruled by Republicans since the war has doubled its debt. Extravagance and corruption mark every footstep of that party.

Business will not revive nor will work be plentiful until something occurs to give capitalists confidence. An honest man like Tilden in the White House would do it.

The New York Tribune, which excellently represents the views of the Republican party, says:

"The more Gov. Tilden's letter is read the less it is liked."

Col. Robert Ingersoll, who stumps Maine for Hayes, is a brother of the former member from the Peoria District in Illinois, who amassed such a large fortune by his skill at Poker, and built an elegant Washington residence with the winnings of one session. Perhaps Bob. who believes in nothing else, believes in his brother Clark's system at Poker.—*Portland Argus.*

What kind of a campaign is it to call Gov. Tilden a "perjurer," and a "swindler?" Is that your "bloody-shirt campaign with money in it," or your "financial campaign without money in it?

The Boston Herald asks what we should do for a President since Speaker Kerr's death, if Grant and Ferry should die,

The blacks are threatening to burn the town of Monroe, in Louisiana. This is a good cause for sending troops down there to control the elections and keep the whites from voting for Tilden. Forwards, Don, Ulysses, Patterson and old Zack and just as well old Nick too.

The Pittsburg Post, August 31, says: Oil at four dollars per barrel at the well has made rapid fortunes for those who held quantities in tank. This is the first visible wave of success since September, 73, and will infuse new vigor into many departments of industry directly and remotely connected with the production of oil. This city will feel the effects, and already we notice cheerful faces replace the funeral expression of the past few years.

THE PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

The debt statement shows a reduction during August of $3,119,360.92. The amount of coin in the treasury is $62,511,866. Currency balance, $11,066,805; special deposits of legal tenders held for redemption of certificates of deposit, $31,880,000; coin certificates, $39,969,800.

An old lady of Danville, Ill., proceeded to flag her son, a young man of sixteen years, for coming home at 1 o'clock drunk. The son resisted her efforts and in the scrimmage both mother and son fell a distance of twelve feet out of a window. The mother was killed. A coroner's jury acquitted the boy of any imputation of crime.

The following appears in a Picton (Ont.) paper: "Notice—God helping me, I am determined to save myself and as many of my fellow-sufferers as possible from the snares and traps of all hotelkeepers and whiskey-sellers. By my own weakness, and their cupidity, I find myself well-nigh ruined in every respect, and am determined to redeem the past by a sober future, and I warn and caution every man in the trade that should they ever again give me the intoxicating cup, under any pretense whatever that I will surely bring them to justice, as I mean this and will perform what I say.—John H. Wanamaker."

A QUESTION EASILY ANSWERED.

Governor Hendricks Squarely Supported the Government During the Rebellion.

[From the New York Sun of August 25, 1876.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: I am frequently told by Republicans that Gov. Hendricks during the war was disloyal; that he was for peace at any price, and that he was opposed to sending soldiers from Indiana to fight for the Union. Can you give me any evidence to confute these charges? A TILDEN MAN.

The best witness in regard to Gov. Hendrick's attitude toward the Government during the rebellion is Gov. Hendricks himself. Below will be found, in his own words, uttered in April, 1861, an explicit declaration of his belief that it was the duty of the citizens of Indiana to give the Government an honest and earnest support in the prosecution of the war until it should be brought to an honorable conclusion:

[Indianapolis Journal, Thursday, April 25, 1861.]

INDIANAPOLIS, April 24.

MR. EDITOR: My attention has been called to an editorial in the Journal of this morning, in which it is stated that at a Union meeting held at Shelbyville, a few evenings since, a committee was appointed to wait upon me, with the request that I should speak; that, being called upon by the committee, I refused to speak, saying that I had no hand in originating the difficulty, and would have nothing to do in extricating the country from its perilous condition.

The writer has been wholly misinformed. I never heard of the appointment of such a comittee, and suppose none was appointed. No committee waited upon me with such a request. Had I been so honored, I certainly would have responded. I have never withheld my views upon any question of public interest from the people of Shelby county. Upon all occasions, when it appeared proper, I have expressed my opinions in relation to our present troubles. Since the war commenced I have uniformly said that the authority of the Government of the United States is not questioned in Indiana, and that I regarded it as the duty of the citizens of Indiana to respect and maintain that authority, and to give the Government an honest and earnest support in the prosecution of the war, until, in the providence of God, it may be brought to an honorable conclusion, and the blessings of peace restored to our country, postponing until that time all controversy in relation to the causes and responsibilities of the war. No man will feel a deeper solicitude in the welfare and proud bearing of Indiana soldiery, in the conflict of arms to which they are, called, than myself.

Allow me to add that, in my judgment, a citizen or newspaper is not serving the country well in the present crisis by attempting to give a partisan aspect to the war, or by seeming to pervert the cause of the country to party ends.

Respectfully,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

FIRES.

Tyrone, Sept. 3.—Alberts Brothers' steam saw mill and Jonathan Boyerton's lumber yard, together with the railroad company's water tank at Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa., was burned this morning. The fire was caused by an incendiary. About 1,000,000 feet of sawed lumber and 40,000 pickets were destroyed. Loss on lumber, $15,000. Insured for $5,000 or 6,000. Loss on mill $25,000. Insured for $9,000.

St. Hyacinthe, Ontario, Sept. 3.—A destructive fire broke out here this afternoon in the bakery kept by M. Chapel, near the post office, and spread rapidly till it reached the river, near the Grand Trunk railway bridge. The flames ran down both sides of Main Street, taking in their course the St. Hyacinthe, Quebec and National banks, post office, market and court house, factories and over eighty wholesale and retail stores. At three p. m. the fire had spread, by means of burning cinders, to three parallel streets and burned everything up. People had no time to save a stitch of clothing. At seven p. m. six hundred houses had been burned. A steam fire engine arrived from Montreal by a special train at 5.30 p. m., too late to be of much service. Hundreds of families are homeless, with nothing to eat. The loss is roughly estimated at $2,000,000.

A CARD TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

For many years we have made two medicines suited for the ailments of a vast class of sufferers. Thousands of cures have been made by them, and in fact, the word failure could never be coupled with them but within the last two years counterfeits of our medicines have sprung up, dangerous in their close imitation of our trade mark. To secure the people we have placed upon each genuine box of Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment the fac simile of the signature of our Agent, Mr. Jos. Haydock. To counterfeit this is a felony. We shall relentlessly pursue any one who imitates this with the utmost vigor of the law. We most earnestly beg that the great mass of the purchasing people will aid us in our efforts to protect their health, and help us in our task of bringing these most unprincipled men to the bar of justice. Uniformly refuse to purchase Medicines purporting to be ours unless Mr. Jos. Haydock's signature is attached to each Box of Pills or Pot of Ointment and the end will soon be reached.

The public's obedient servants,
HOLLOWAY & CO.

ONE OF FORNEY'S REPUBLICAM HUMORISTS.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Clapp, the Government Printer, who was put in office by Grant because Congress kicked him out for fraud, has come out for Hayes. He would be an awful lonesome thief if he did'nt.

The thirty-second call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865 was issued on Friday,

MOLLY MAGUIREISM.

ASSASSINS OF THE FIRST PROMINENT VICTIM DISCOVERED

The Same Assassins Convicted of Other Murders—Astounding Revelations Anticipated — Hartranft's Letter of Denial—Gowen Does not Take Back a Word.

[Special to Phila. Times.]

Mauch Chunk, Pa., August 27.—On Saturday evening, December 2, 1871, Morgan Powell, then Assistant Superintendent of the mines of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, fell the first prominent victim of the Mollie Maguires. He was the first mine boss that was murdered. The deed was committed in the maine street of Summit Hill, at 7 o'clock in the evening, immediately after Powell had left the store of Harry Williamson to return to his residence at Lansford, subsequently noted as the scene of the brutal murder of Powell's successor, John P Jones. Three men were directly implicated in the murder. One of these, the smallest, approached Powell from the rear, reached over his shoulder and shot him through the breast. The bullet passed through Powell's body and lodged in the spinal column, and the wound proved fatal the Monday morning following at six o'clock. The night being very dark, the assassins escaped. E. W. Clark, Esq., President of the Company, offered a reward of $1,000 for the arrest of the murderers, and Carbon county added $100. Two men—Patrick Brislin and Patrick Gildea, of Summit Hill—were arrested for the murder, but were entirely innocent, and the first-named was discharged on habeas corpus while Gildea was tried and acquitted.

The Murderers of Morgan Powell are now known. They are Jack Donahoe, alias "Yellow Jack" Donahoe, Alexander Campbell and another whom it is not policy now to name. "Yellow Jack" is the man who fired the fatal shot. He is a Schuylkill county man and a very bad one. He is the Mollie who initiated into the order Jimmy Kerrigan, the "squealer," in Campbell's cellar at Tamaqua. He is now under conviction in the jail at Pottsville for complicity in the murders of Gomer, James Sanger, Ured and the shooting of the Majors. District Attorney Siewers has filed a petition asking the Court to award a writ of habeas corpus and referendum direct to the sheriff of Schuylkill county, and on Tuesday Captain Pearsall, of the Coal and Iron Police, will bring "Yellow Jack" over the mountain, when he will be indicted for this atrocious murder. The trial will take place in October.

The accomplice, Campbell, is now in jail here, convicted of murder in the first degree in the Jones case. His motion for a new trial will be decided to-morrow. The argument being the same that was presented in the previous cases of Doyle and Kelley, it is believed that the motion will be denied. Then it will be taken to the Supreme Court. When the Morgan Powell murder occurred Campbell was working in the mines, and it was after this that he moved to Tamaqua and kept the saloon that has since become so notorious as the headquarters of these fiends. While going into detail, I can say that the evidence against Donahoe for the murder is overwhelming and positive. The people throughout this region rejoice at the prospect that this murder is at last to be avenged. It was the first of the series that have since been committed, and startled the people as none has since done. For four years, until Jimmy Kerrigan unsealed his lips, it was shrouded in impenetrable mystery. Astounding light will be thrown upon it ere the close of the Centennial year.

A LIVELY PASSAGE-AT-ARMS WITH MR. GOWEN—DENIALS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

The Grand Army of the Republic dedicated its cemetery at Summit Hill, near Tamaqua, on Tuesday. Mr. D. M. Eveland, of the Tamaqua Courier, presided at the ceremonies, and read a letter from the Governor, in which he says: In your letter you briefly allude to a statement in circulation in your vicinity that I had contributed $500 to a fund to employ counsel to defend the parties called Mollie Maguires accused of murder in the counties of Schuylkill and Carbon. This statement you can renounce to be unqualifiedly false, as well as the insinuations made by Mr. Gowen in his recent speech to the jury in one of these trials at Pottsville. If Mr. Gowen meant to convey the idea that my action as an official was in any way influenced by any bargain, arrangement or understanding with any one, directly or indirectly associated with the society known as the Mollie Maguires, then his statement is untrue and he knows it to be.

A reporter of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin called upon Mr. Gowen on Saturday, and asked what he had to say in reply to this letter. We quote: "Mr. Gowen, glancing hastily over Gov. Hartranft's letter, said slowly and rather hesitatingly: 'I don't know. I have nothing—I have nothing to say in reply. All that I said came out in judicial proceedings, and any reply must be through the same source.' 'O! Mr. Gowen,' the reporter exclaimed, 'I didn't understand the matter in that light.' As the reporter said this he advanced to the door as about to leave, when Mr. Gowen, who was standing in the middle of his office, hastily strode up to the reporter and said, with a peculiar smile, 'If Gov. Hartranft said what I said is not true he is a liar. Give him my compliments.'"

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE 1876.

Chairman—JOHN HOFFER, Bellefonte.
North Ward—J. W. Gephart, "
South Ward—John M. Keichline "
West Ward—J. C. Harper, "
Howard Borough—Balser Weber.
Milesburg " Wm. A. Kerlin, "
Philipsburg Borough—Ed. Munson, "
Unionville " S. A. Martin, Fleming.
Benner Twp—Dr. W. P. Rothrock, Bellefonte.
Boggs—Edward Johnson, Milesburg.
Burnside—R. Mulholland, Pine Glen.
College—Frank Taylor, Lemont.
Curtin—John McClosky, Howard.
Ferguson (Old Precinct)—R G Brett, Pine Grove.
Ferguson New " Sol Gates, Rock Spring.
Gregg—John Coldren, Spring Mills.
Haines—H A Mingle, Aaronsburg.
Harris—J H Meyer, Jr., Linden Hall.
Half Moon—J H Griffin, Half Moon.
Huston—Adam Krebs, Martha.
Howard—S R Leathers, Mt. Eagle.
Liberty—W H Gardner, Blanchard.
Marion—Wm Lamb, Walker.
Miles—Ruben Kreamer, Wolf's Store.
Patton—Wm Reed, Buffalo Run.
Potter—Wm B Mingle, Centre Hall,
Penn—D A Musser, Millheim.
Rush—T J Dunkle, Sandy Ridge.
Snow Shoe twp—Austin Hinton, Moshannon.
Spring—J G Laurimer, Pleasant Gap,
Taylor—Wm Calderwood, Port Matilda.
Union—Wm M Sholl, Fleming.
Walker—Ambrose McMullen, Hublersburg.
Worth—Aaron Reese, Port Matilda.

We will send the Reporter until after the campaign for 25 cents. Reader, send us the names, and help the cause of reform.

For the Reporter.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

St. Paul says: Endurance to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace, Eph. 4:3, i. e., Be united in affection and live in peace, according to the leading of the Holy Ghost. But to particularize on this subject, I will discuss it under three divisions:

1. THE NATURE AND EXTENT OF CHRISTIAN UNITY. What is it? It is the spirit of Christ, a product of the Holy Ghost in the heart, and if a man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His, Rom. 8:9. It is a "spirit of love—mutual love—love to all the saints—not only in name, but in deed. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another, says Christ. It is a spirit of humility. Pride causes contention; it is the opposite of humility. Paul and Barnabas, though largely imbued with the Holy Ghost, were not fully humble, and hence, there was a sharp contention between them at Antioch, Acts 15:39. In the absence of humility we often hear such utterances as these: I am more righteous than he, Stand off, &c. It is a spirit of forbearance, Col. 3:13. Long suffering, long mindedness, the exercise of patience toward those who injure us. It is the essence of true Christianity.

2. TO WHAT EXTENT MAY CHRISTIANS BE ONE. I answer, all Christians may be one in faith, in love, in prayer, and in effort. Union in these essential things would soon explode jealousy and bigotry from the christian world. The writer does not mean organic, but fraternal union—oneness of mind and spirit, heart and soul—union in essentials, liberty in non essentials and charity in all things. On this broad ground all the followers of Christ can meet.

2. HOW MAY THIS UNITY BE MAINTAINED AND PROMOTED?

I answer:

1. By decided effort, striving, especially striving together, reading, praying and laboring to this end.

2. By regarding the compact between us as christians. All christians are united in bonds of fraternal amnity. They are bound together by friendship, harmony and good understanding. A practicable disposition and deportment is the bond that binds all christians in one. Discord cuts it asunder. It should, therefore, be carefully guarded and strengthened by all believers.

3. WHY SHOULD THERE BE UNITY AMONG CHRISTIANS? What are the reasons? The arguments used by the apostle are the following:

1. Says he: There is one body, one church of which Christ is the Head and all believers are members. And this one church is a living organism of which Christ is the Life.

2. There is one spirit. The Holy Spirit the soul of the whole church is animated and governed.

3. One Hope. The hope of eternal life. The hope that Christ has forgiven me all my past sins and will forgive me all my future sins, that in all the burdens of life, He will be near to help me, that in the Valley of the Shadow of death, He will be with me to cheer and comfort me, that a mansion of glory awaits me on the other shore and that I shall be forever happy in the presence of my God.

4. One Lord. Christ, the Lord of glory 1 Cor. 2:5. The Lord from Heaven, 1 Cor 15.47. The Head of the Church, the Savior of the body. Hence it is said: Be ye one your Lord is one, see Acts 4:12.

5. One Faith.

1. One grace of faith, the gift of the Holy Spirit.

2. One doctrine of faith. All believe in one and the same doctrine of Salvation. All who are saved are saved and justified by Him.

6. One Baptism. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—one door into the Church of Christ. All are by one spirit baptised into one body, not one more, but one baptism. There are many modes, but only one baptism.

7. The God and Father of us all, who is above all and over all and among us all as in his holy temple. All, therefore, who can consistently divide the Church, do all they can to divide God himself, who decrees in His church as in His temple. Therefore the apostle says: keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, for there is one Body, one spirit, one Lord, one Hope one one faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all—pursue the apostle's idea a little further, one congregation, one Sunday School and one prayer meeting.

8. The diversity of gifts and graces Christ bestowed, contains an argument for the preservation and promotion of the unity of the spirit as also the different measures and degrees of those gifts and graces: All come from one and the same author and tend to the same end—the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls.

9. The variety of offices and officers Christ instituted, all tend to this end.

1. He gave his church Apostles, a class of men set forth by His own mouth to spread the gospel and gather the people into Congregations, Acts, 2:1-2.

2. Prophets to foretell future events and explain the writings of the old and New Testaments.

3. Evangelists. They were sent out by the apostles, a kind of itinerant preachers, Some to plant and some to water Church es already planted.

4. Pastors and teachers, bishops and elders, guides and instructors of the church, v 11,12. Christ has afforded us every possible help to keep the unity of the spirit.

CONCLUSION.

Should not, then, ministers and laymen, all Christians labor earnestly to keep the unity of the spirit? How often, though to the enemies of the Cross of Christ go away from the Church, with reason to say: See how these Christians hate one another, instead of, See how they love one another. How they break their swords over each other's heads, instead of breaking them over the Devil's. How they waste their ammunition at each other, instead of wasting it on the powers of darkness and the Legions of Hell, that the victories of Christ may be extended. These things ought not so to be. If all were to adopt the Apostle's Creed and rule their conduct according to its principles and teachings, we should, then, have unanimity and acquiescent peace and harmony among us. Then would the followers of Christ be ruled by faith and charity, rather than by creeds, Liturgies, Rituals and their own selfish theories and schemes, and God would abundantly bless them, so that they could rejoice in His abundant mercy.

J. T.,
Aaronsburg.

LIFE, GROWTH, BEAUTY.
LONDON HAIR COLOR Restorer.

LONDON HAIR COLOR Restorer.

Not a dye; makes harsh hair soft and silky; cleanses the scalp from all impurities, causing the hair to grow where it has fallen off or become thin.

Can be applied by the hand as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. As a Hair Dressing it is the most perfect the world has ever produced. The hair is renevated and strengthened, and natural color restored without the application of mineral substances.

Since the introduction of this truly valuable preparation into this country, it has been the wonder and admiration of all classes, as it has proved to be the only article that will absolutely without deception, restore gray hair to its original color, health softness, lustre and beauty, and produce hair on bald heads of its original growth and color.

This beautiful and fragrantly perfumed article is complete within itself, no washing or preparation before or after its use, or accompaniment of any kind being required to obtain these desirable results.

HERE IS THE PROOF OF ITS
Superior Excellence.

Read this Home Certificate, testified to by Edward B. Garrigues one of the most competent Druggists and Chemists of Philadelphia, a man whose veracity none can doubt.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing like a dye but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, druggist, Tenth and Coates St., who can also testify that my hair was quite gray when I commenced its use.

MRS. MILLER, 730 North 9st. Phila.

Dr. Swayne & Son, Respected friends:—I have the pleasure to inform you that a lady of my acquaintance, Mrs. Miller, is delighted with the success of your "London Hair Color Restorer." Her hair was falling rapidly, and quite gray. The color has been restored, the falling off entirely stopped, and a new growth of hair is the result. E. B. GARRIGUES,
Druggist, cor. Tenth & Coates, Phil.

"London Hair Color Restorer & Dressing," Has completely restored my hair to its original color and youthful beauty, and caused a rapid and luxuriant growth.

MRS. ANNIE MORRIS,
No. 616 North Seventh St. Phila.

Dr. Dalton of Philadelphia, says of it: The London Hair Color Restorer is used very extensively among my patients and friends, as well as by myself. I therefore speak from experience.

75 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Penn'a., sole Proprietors.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Saved His Life.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CURES ON RECORD.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir: I feel it to be due to you and suffering humanity, to give the following testimony respecting the wonderful curative powers of your "COMPOUND SYRUP of WILD CHERRY," and SARSAPARILLA and TAR PILLS." I was afflicted with a violent cough, pains in the side and breast, night sweats, sore throat; my bowels were corrective, appetite nearly gone, and my stomach so very weak that my physician was at a loss to know what to do for me, as everything I used in the shape of medicine was rejected; spit different times a pint of blood. I remained for months in this awful condition, and gave up all hopes of ever recovering. At this time you recommended the use of your Syrup and Pills, which immediately began to soothe comfort and allay the cough, strengthened and healed my lungs; in short, it has made a perfect cure of me. Any person doubting the truth of the above statement, will please call, or address me at the factory, or at my residence.

EDWARD H. HAMSON,
No. 1533 Germantown Road Philadelphia, Foreman at George Sweeney's Pottery, Ridge Road, below Wallace, Philadelphia. Be very particular to ask for

DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF
WILD CHERRY,
The most effectual remedy known for the
Throat, Breast and Lungs.

This valuable Medicine is prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON,
330 North Sixth St. PHILADELPHIA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
may 31-72

METHODS POINTS

METHODS OF BUSINESS POINTS OF ADVANTAGE

IN THE PURCHASE OF

CLOTHING

—AT—

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S OAK HALL,

To which we invite the Interested Attention and Careful Scrutiny of

—THE PURCHASING PUBLIC.—

METHODS:	POINTS:
WE have but One Price for All.....	ONE Price means of necessity the Lowest Price.....
WE receive Cash Payment from All.....	CASH saves expense of collections and losses from bad debts.....
WE give a Guarantee protecting All.....	THE Guarantee protects the buyer who may be a judge of goods.....
WE Return Money when we cannot suit All.....	WE only advertise sales and are entitled to a very small percentage of trade.....
WE buy our goods at first hands, in Eastern Manufacturing centres, and in the lowest prices for Cash.....	THE buyer of us, since all are treated alike, has no one getting favors that are denied to others

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY SEPT. 7, 1876.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sec't. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sec't. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday, afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

Y. M. C. A. of Centre Hall, meets in the basement of the Lutheran church, as follows: DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS, 2nd and 4th Friday evenings of each month. YOUNG MEN'S PRAYER MEETING, 1st and 3rd Friday evenings. BUSINESS MEETINGS, the 5th Friday evening of all months having five Fridays.
M. DERSTINE, President. W. A. KRISE, Secretary.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us Items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of five new Subscribers, with the *cash*, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the REPORTER, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we shall pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

——So many of our patrons being in arrears for a number of years, we shall enclose bills in their papers, and trust to hear from such. As the sums are only small, it is possible for all to remit. Please send the needful.

——Remember that if your taxes are not paid thirty days before election, that you loose your vote.

——Remember that if you are not registered sixty days before election you can not vote.

——The Reporter until the close of the campaign, only 25 cents. Send it to your neighbor, and help the good cause.

——The grandjury last week recommended that the yard between court-house and jail be fenced.

——The bridge over Penns creek at Kerstetters Forks will likely be an iron one. A firm of Canton, Ohio, has offered to put up an iron bridge for $1425.

——Bellefonte branch railroad is quiet. We believe the money has not yet been raised. Oh, what a railroad set they are! Were they ever in earnest about it?

——Mr. Ira T. Cottle has opened a new tailoring establishment in this town. He is a good workman, and can give you fashionable fits. Encourage him with your patronage. See his card.

——Our townsman, Mr. D. C. Keller, owns a cow which from Nov. 9, 1875 to Sept. 1, 1876, a period of 42 weeks and 2 days, has the following placed to her credit:

Butter made	250 lbs.
Milk sold	311 quarts
Cream sold	13 quarts,

the amount realized from above items is $82.55, which is exclusive of milk and cream used in Mr. Keller's family during the same period. A good cow certainly.

——The dog-poisoner is at Lewistown now. A neighbor thinks he might find a job at Centre Hall.

——We call the attention of the public to the adv. of John C. Miller, who continues in the drug, dry goods and grocery business, and offers the best inducements to customers.

——NEWMAN is his name, and the New Eagle Clothing Hall, on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, is his place,—where he sell's clothing and everything in his line 14 to 15 per cent. cheaper than any body else. It will pay you to go and purchase of him. He means business.

——Abram V. Miller and Daniel H. Rote were appointed revenue storekeepers for the Eighteenth district of Pennsylvania. Mr. Rote is of Aaronsburg, and was once an apprentice in the Reporter office. We congratulate Dan upon his appointment. Mr. Miller, we believe is from Pleasant Gap.

——Abe Lazy, known to pretty near all the subscribers of the Reporter still moves and has his being. The Freeburg Courier sanctum was honored with a visit from Abe the other day. The Courier says:

"The Champion tramp, 'Abe Lazy' dropped in on us yesterday. Abe has, since early spring, tramped Snyder, Mifflin, Huntingdon, Blair and a part of Bedford counties—but has not spoiled his delicate hands with any kind of labor."

——A dwelling house belonging to William Spangler, of Eagleville, was burned to the ground last Thursday a week, about five o'clock in the morning. It is supposed to have caught from a defective flue. Most of the furniture was saved.—*Republican.*

——The Mifflinburg Telegraph of last week learns of the following damage done by lightning in Union county: Seventeen sheep killed in East Buffalo twp., belonging to Abram Aurand; 11 sheep killed in Kelly twp., the property of Hon. Cyrus Hoffa; a horse, in pasture, belonging to Daniel Oldt, opposite New Berlin, killed; an apple tree in this borough marked; two horses prostrated near New Berlin but not injured. At the time, Mr. Chas. Oldt was riding one of them and leading the other, and he says the hot blast affected one of his cheeks—warmed it completely.

——Mr. Edward Davis, residing in Jackson twp, Cambria county, is the father of twenty five children. That fellow will have to buy his groceries at Sechler's as the only way to make ends meet.

——One night, last week, some person or persons helped themselves to several bushels of peaches from the premises of Mr. Fulmer, at Aaronsburg, and not satisfied with that, sawed off one of the trees and cut a circle around a second one, and then entered his stable and cut off the tail of his cow. Shame on the perpetrators of such malicious mischief—if they get into the clutches of the law they will find their offense a serious one, and the penalty such as will not soon be forgotten.

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.—On last Friday morning, Mrs. Caroline Gronette, who resides near Wildham's brewery over the river, was bitten on the third finger of the left hand by a copperhead snake. Mrs. Gronette, who is 78 years old, had taken some bread to the cellar, and was about placing it upon a table, when she discovered a dark looking object thereon, and thoughtlessly picked it up, when she was horrified to find the mass to be two snakes, one of which bit her. She immediately gave the alarm and a physician was summoned, who at once administered about a pint of whisky, which had the desired effect, and we are glad to say that Mrs. Gronette has so far recovered as to be around again. Immediately after she was bitten her hand and arm became swollen and of a dark color.—Lock Haven Democrat.

BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick will be kept on hand for sale at Zerby's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers.
17 aug tf. D. W. ZERBE.

——Ohio Stoneware, all shapes and sizes, wholesale to merchants, and at retail, at Sechler's in the Bush house block.

From the many flattering testimonials we have read, paying tribute to the Beatty Piano, and Beatty's Golden Tongue Organs, we are constrained to recommend them to any persons contemplating purchasing an instrument of either description. Address the manufacturer and proprietor, Daniel F Beatty, Washington, N J., for any information respecting the same. See advertisement. 1m

——We have tried Bower's Mead at Zeller's Drug Store and it is just as good as they say it is—just the thing for a warm day—cooling and delightful. 4t.

J. MILLER, Fashionable Tailor, Aaronsburg. Shop few doors west of Dr. Brew's 4may tf

Price for the campaign only 40cts.

For the Reporter.

MR. EDITOR:—I will endeavor to give a sketch of the grand Centennial Basket Picnic held in the beautiful grove of Frederick Fletcher, on the 26. On the morning of the 26, about 8 o'clock, the different schools met at their usual places of meeting and the schools formed in order, by the marshal, after which, Mr. Adam Yearick, Chief Marshal led the procession formed by scholars of the Emanuel school to the centre of the village; where the procession of the Lick Run school joined in and they proceeded to Howard by the furnace, Salona band taking the lead and joined the schools of Howard and Curtin township. At the lower end of the borough the different schools were formed in line and proceeded to the grove, where there was music by the band, prayer by Rev. J. K. Millet and addresses by eminent speakers and singing by members of Emanuel school and also Lick Run school after which all proceeded to partake of the rich feast provided for the occasion, when more addresses followed and singing and music by the band. The addresses were made by the following speakers: Rev. J. K. Millet, of McEwensville, Rev. Swartzel of Jacksonville, John P. Packer, of Lock Haven, and H. B Benson, of Bradford county. The number of vehicles present was 120, and from seven to eight hundred persons. At about four o'clock the different schools were formed in order by the Chief Marshal and then started for their respective homes. Number of schools present: two from Howard, two from Jacksonville, two from Curtin township. It was a grand affair plenty to eat and drink and lots of eatables taken home. P. C.

——It is an undeniable fact which all housekeepers should learn that dried and canned fruits can now be bought cheaper at Sechler's than people can put them up themselves. You get a better article, and save all the labor. They keep every kind. Go and see about it.

——J. & J. Harris keep up one of the heaviest stocks of hardware in this part of the state, and you can buy to advantage there always. One trial will prove it.

——There was a girl in our town and she was wonderous lame, she ran a heavy sewing machine from which the trouble came, but when she saw how lame she was with all her might and main, she bought a new "Domestic" and was soon all right again.

——New recommendations freighted with praise and entire satisfaction, are constantly being tendered to Daniel F. Beatty, Esq., proprietor and manufacturer of instruments of rare merit, known as the Beatty piano, and Beatty's Golden Tongue Organs. Advertisement elsewhere. 1 m.

——A jaw-breaker for Gen. Beaver and a term which strained his knowledge box, is, "Heiliger Dunnerwetter." For the benefit of Bellefonte lawyers we give them a translation of this rather contradictory term. "Heiliger" means *holy*, and "Dunnerwetter" means *thundergust*, hence, Holy thundergust. Give us credit for $5 for furnishing the information will take our pay in advice, if ever we get in a scrape.

——The other day a fellow was going down towards the depot in a great hurry, and curiosity lead persons on the street to inquire whether he was bound for the Centennial and his reply was, "Thunder, no! I'm bound for Sechlers which is the next thing to the centennial, costs you nothing to see and can save money besides by buying groceries there—git out, o my way."

——The graduates who lately left the Reporter office to "set up on their own hook," we are pleased to learn, are all doing finely. Garver & Meyer who left us over a year ago and took charge of the Worth Co. Times, in Grant City, Mo., are putting out a spry democratic paper full of life and snap, and seem to be dropping some greenbacks into their till. Thomas H. Harter, who left early in last spring for Nevada, Ohio, where he took possession of the Nevada Enterprize, which he improved in its appearance and added spice and new life to its columns, reports himself doing a profitable business. These were all good and well behaved young men while learning the art preservative in the Reporter office, and it affords us real pleasure to note their success.

——Woods, the stage driver, who was before court on charge of assault upon Mr. Medara, of Gregg township, at Centre Hall, a few weeks ago, plead guilty, and was sentenced to pay costs, a fine of $10 and 10 days in county jail.

The Herlacher vs Durst case, conspiracy, was postponed to Nov. term on account of witnesses Cloyd Mertz and John From absenting themselves, as we noticed in last week's Reporter. From appeared voluntarily next day, Wednesday, and was imprisoned for his conduct but released on giving $500 bail for his appearance at November term.

——The brick work on the new Lutheran church at Rebersburg is about completed. It will make a handsome edifice when finished.

——We hear a rumor of an intention to take up the track and abandoning the railroad between Milroy and Reedsville. We suppose the cause will be the completion of the L. C. & S. C. RR. into Pennsvalley. Poor Milroy! this is a worse joke on it than on Snyder (county.)

——On Friday some portions of our valley had a soaking rain On Monday afternoon ditto. It has been cool since.

——Spring Mills has petitioned for a road and a county bridge, from the pike to the depot.

——S. Foust, near Rebersburg, puts out many buggies and nice ones too.

——Rev. Dornblaser, and wife *nee* Annie Shannon, of Kansas City, Mo., are here on a visit.

——Dynamite is used for blasting at the Paddy mountain tunnel.

BRIEF VOM MIK OHRESCHLITZER.

LIEWER REPORTER:—Net eniger wehs die Bedeiting vom Wort "Candidate," deswege will ich prowiere de rechte Begriff von dem vielgejuste Wort zu explene. Candidat komt von candidus (latin) un hest in unserer sproch "weiss." Die reference von dem Wort uf die allewailig Mening is now die: In der alte remische Republik war dei rule, das eniger, der fir en Amt lauft, beim Lectionire im e lange weisse Gwand sich hot weisse misse, der just gegueckt hot wie e loser Repper, wo die Weibsleit allewail wehre; die Remer hen dem Kled de name tunica gegebe. Die Patricier oder remische Grosskepp. die fir e hoch Amt, wie fir Senat oder sonst ebbes geloffe sin, habbe als e sign de remische Adler uf der Brust getrage; Plebcer oder die commene sort Leit, awer, die Candidate wore fir ordinare empter, ware without so e sign. Von selle weisse Tunics her hen mer des Wart Candidat kriecht. Suppose now, es wer selle alt remish Rul bei uns in feshen, wie det sel fir e appearance mache, wenn so Kerls um die Leckschenzeit im County in so lose weisse Reppers rumlaufe dete un am Platz vom e Adler e Dahlerbill uf der Brust gspellt hette, als e sign, das sie net fir Ebrund Amt awer fir Geld laufe. Selle kerls dete just gucke wie Carmelite Monks. Wir wisse all sellwert, das am Dag von der county convention die Candidats alle uf en Hauffe sich gettere; wunner now was fir en wunnerfolle Prospect es weise det, wenn in der "Stadt der schene Springs" all Candidats mit Tunics angethu in Procession zum Courthouse martshe dete, abead "P. Gray" als prior vem Order in abgeworener ziemlich viel unsaubere Tunic mit der demokratisch Martyrcron uf 'm Kopp, s' paternoster in der Hand aber e wenig krank an contraction inside, dernech e "Usenander" stik von Assembly mit hinne un yarne ufgschlitzte Tunics un weiter all die kerls, pertikler er alter sheriffs Candidat mit inflation outside als bonnertrager all—de ganz Parade—die Doxology singend "Praise Money," etc, S' next mol mehner, Dei friend,

MIK OHRESCHLITZER.

THE COAL SALE.

The Bottom Fallen out of The Coal Market.

New York, August 29.—The great auction coal sale took place at noon, at Hanover square, which was completely blocked with coal speculators. Buyers from all parts of the country were present.

Intense excitement reigned in the neighborhood, and wagons, trucks and wind-ws were filled with spectators, while actual buyers were congregated in a dense mass around the auctioneer's stand.

The auctioneer read the conditions of the sale, and announced that it was perfectly bona fide, and that no reservation was to be put on goods offered for sale. He said there were four companies represented in the sale, but they were not combined in any way, and no effort would be put forth by them to keep the market up. Buyers could bid and rest assured that their own judgment was all they had to contend with.

The four companies selling coal were the Delaware, and Hudson canal company, Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western railroad company, Philadelphia and Reading railroad, and Pennsylvania coal company.

Delaware and Lackawanna first offered 116,000 tons of coal; 5,000 tons of steamer coal was put up, and 1,000 tons of it sold for $3 per ton. The price fell to $2.85, and then to $2.70, at which the balance was bought. Forty thousand tons was then put up, and the first price offered was $2.60, at which over 15,000 tons were sold. The remainder sold for $3.20 to speculators, who bought at the rate of 50,000. Twenty-five thousand tons of egg brought $3.20 and $3.12½.

There was a decided manifestation on the part of buyers to wait until some one made a purchase, and then beat the price down. Purchasers were evidently uncertain as to how far the market might fall, and many held back expecting that they would get good bargains.

In many instances they were successfull, as prices tumbled during the sale, and then recovered beyond the starting point, as the supply became exhausted. Forty thousand tons of stove started at $3.80, at which price 10,000 tons went off. It then advanced at a jump to $3.90 and was rapidly disposed of. This finished the Delaware and Lackawanna company's stock.

Price have tumbled from $4 to $2 per ton on all grades of coal. The excitement at the offices of the coal dealers down town this afternoon is intense and scarcely any dealer is alone. Consultations and conferences are being held in most every office. Never before has there been so much interest taken in the price of coal.

Mr. Samuel Sloan, president of the Delaware and Lackawanna company, said that the prices obtained at the sale to-day are much lower than was expected but they are a peace offering to the public.

A. S. Swords said that the object of the coal commit ee had been to diminish the supply by taking measures to prevent ever stocking the market, but now the same effort had been brought about, production would be stopped, because coal could not be gotten out of the mines at the present prices. Other dealers expressed similar opinions and while acknowledging that the price of coal would come down, added, that it could not keep down because it could not be supplied at these rates.

Pottsville, Pa., August 29.—The prices realized by the auction sale of coal in New York were anxiously looked for by all engaged in the coal trade. Much surprise and alarm was shown as the prices were bulletined, with the general expectation that the sale would be adjourned if $3.50 per ton as the lowest figure would not be obtained.

The coal operators say the prices brought will compel them all to suspend operations unless tolls and labor can be reduced to a much lower figure than at present, with the chances against them even of great reductions, as the miners will hardly submit to lower prices than now prevailing, and the situation has a gloomy outlook for fall and winter trade.

STOLEN HORSE STARVED TO DEATH.

About six weeks ago two roan mares were stolen from Mrs. Rebecca Brought, at Granville. A few days afterward one of them returned home. On Friday last a week the other one was found on the mountain in the Long Narrows, near Mandeville tied to a tree with a rope, dead where it is supposed they were secreted by the thief or thieves. A party from Lewistown pienicing at Macedonia about that time, it is thought, frightened the thieves away, who were afraid to return lest they should be detected, and hence the horses were left there. One of them, as before stated, broke loose and strayed home, and the other one starved to death.—*True Democrat.*

One hundred and eleven clerks were removed from the Post Office, Currency and Internal Revenue Bureaus on 1 inst.

CENTRE HALL

DRUG STORE.

J. C. MILLER.

(Successor to J. K. Miller & Son.)

Dealer in Pure Drugs and Medicines, Dye stuffs, and Druggist's sundries.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS

For medicinal purposes.

The best brands of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

always in stock.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

J. C. MILLER

IRA T. COTTLE.

Fashionable Tailor.

Centre Hall.

Having opened rooms on the 2nd floor of Gift & Flory's building he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of men's and boy's garments, according to the latest styles, and upon shortest notice, and all work warranted to render satisfaction. Cutting and repairing done. 7sept y

COUNTY LETTING.

Commissioners Office,
Bellefonte, Aug 16, 1876.

Sealed proposals will be received at this office until Saturday the 16th day of September, at 12 o'clock, p. m. of said day, for the masonry on Stonework of abutments for a bridge across Penns Creek, to be built near Karstetter's Saw Mill at the L. C. & S. C. Railroad. Plans and specifications can be seen at this office.

By order of the Board.
J. S. BARNHART,
aug24 t d Clerk to Commissioners.

NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of W. W Love, late of Potter twp., dec'd, have been granted to Jane Love and G. M. Boal, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
JANE LOVE,
24 aug 6t G. M BOAL,
Administrators.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, doing business at Centre Hall has been mutually dissolved. The books of the firm will be found at the old stand in the hands of John C. Miller, where all knowing themselves indebted will please call for settlement.
J. K. MILLER,
JOHN C. MILLER.

NOTICE.—The store heretofore carried on by the above firm will be continued at the old stand, in all its branches by the undersigned. JOHN C. MILLER.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

IN COLLEGE TWP., CENTRE CO., PA. on the line of the Lewisburg, Centre & Spruce Creek Railroad.

A Valuable Farm

containing 110 acres, more or less. There is also Ten acres of valuable Timber, which the purchaser could have if desired. The farm is well fenced and well watered. Cedar creek running through the place. The buildings on the place consist of a large

Two-Story Stone House,

spring-house, barn and all other necessary outbuildings. There is on the place a

Nice Lot of Fine Fruit Trees.

Near the place are several manufactories, and shops of all kinds convenient. It is expected that the depot will be located on lands adjoining.

For particulars, address
J. S. FOSTER,
17 aug tf. Boalsburg.

Henry Reinhart.

WOODWARD.

UNDERTAKER.

Coffins of all styles made on shortest notice. Undertaking strictly attended to. Charges reasonable. 17 aug y.

MINERS WAGES TO BE REDUCED.

New York, August 31.—The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Pennsylvania and Delaware, and Hudson canal companies will reduce the wages of miners ten per cent., beginning to-morrow. It is supposed the Philadelphia and Reading will do the same. The Lehigh Valley will make no change before Saturday.

On Sunday last 27 ult., Mrs. Daniel Thompson, residing about one mile and a half from Mapleton, was instantly killed by an accident while on her way to the camp ground. With her husband and a lady friend, she was in a spring-wagon driving through the west end of Mt. Union when the Day Express train frightened the horses, and in her alarm she leaped from the wagon, and falling, her head struck a timber, receiving in the skull above the right temple. Death ensued a few moments afterward. Mrs. T. was but twenty years of age, and left a babe but eight months old. Her maiden name was Ida Isenberg, and she was a daughter of David Isenberg, of Mill Creek.

——"Harper's Magazine" for September is an excellent number, and deserves a place in every household. The literary matter is always of the choicest kind, and this month is no exception to the rule. The illustrations are numerous and finely executed; and the variety and large amount of reading is not excelled, if equalled, by any other magazine in the country.

A large proportion of the English wheat crop still remains exposed in the fields.

Dispatches from the coal regions say that miners are generally going to work at reduced wages.

There is much excitement at Washington over the clerk removals. There is no hope for the unfortunates.

Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, manufacturer and proprietor of the Beatty Piano and Beatty's celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, Washington, N. J., is certainly a very responsible and generous man to transact business with. He makes this very fair proposition to any who may favor him with an order, as follows: "If the instrument does not prove satisfactory after a test trial of five days after receiving it the purchase money will be refunded upon return of the instrument, and he will pay freight charges both ways." This is certainly an exceeding, generous, and safe manner in which to transact business with him. He warrants his instruments for six years. See his advertisement. July 20 y

MILROY MARKETS, corrected weekly by D. Shelmire.

Clover Seed $8.00 to $8.50.
Red " $1.25 to $1.30.
Barley 70c to 75.
Timothy $2 to 2.50.
Plaster in Stone $7.75 to $8.
Salt 1.40 to 1.50.
Oats 32c to 36c.
Potatoes 25c to 30c.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1.20 Red 120.....Rye 75
Corn ear 40. Oats 35—Barley 90.
70.....Clo'erseed 5.50.....Potatoes 30
Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06
Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15
Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7.00...
Nova Scotia plaster $11 60. Cayuga plaster $9.60 per 2000 lbs. Shelled corn 45 to 50

A CHOICE FARM and HOUSE and LOT FOR SALE.

Will be exposed to public sale, Sept. 9, next, the following described property, at the late residence of John Emmert, dec'd, situate in Harris township, Centre County, one FARM, containing one hundred and thirty three acres more or less, bounded by lands of H. Everhart, Jacob Musser, Glenn, McFarlen, Dr. Henderson, dec'd and others. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running through the farm and within thirty yards of the barn, also, a well of never failing water at the house, with good pump in it. The improvements are a large FRAME HOUSE, two stories high, almost new; a frame bank barn, forty five by eighty feet and all other necessary out buildings. This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain; it is all limestone land. A large ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz on the farm. Also one House and lot Situated in Boalsburg, Centre co., the house is two stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary outbuildings also a never failing stream of water with good pump. The lot is well set with fruit trees of best quality.

Also two acres and 132 perches of excellent land situate near the German Reformed church in Boalsburg within two squares of above house.

JOSIAH NEFF, Executor of J. Emmert, dec'd.

N. B.—Above property can be bought as a whole or in part at private or public sale. 5aug

Centennial Store.

At Potters Mills.

L. B. McENTIRE

has just returned from Philadelphia with a large and well selected stock of

Cheap Goods,

which he offers CHEAP FOR CASH or country Produce, also a large stock of LADIE'S, GENT'S, and CHILDREN'S Shoes, Gaiters as low as $1.25 per pair, and all other goods in proportion. Dry Goods, Hosiery, Linens, Embroideries, White Goods, Laces, Notions and FANCY GOODS, strictly first-class goods below the usual prices. His Grocery Department consists of the

Cheapest and Best Quality of Groceries

in Penns Valley. Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups, Spices, Canned Fruits, Crackers, Cheese, and Dried Fruits etc. Queensware, Hardware Wood and Willowware and Oilcloths of every description. Hats, caps, Drugs, Oil and Paints, also Cigars, Tobacco and Confectioneries. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods, also highest price paid.

Also—Ladies will find a full line of millinery goods, comprising the latest styles.

I thank the people of Penns Valley for their liberal patronage. 18 my 6m

CENTRE HALL

Furniture Rooms!

EZRA KRUMBINE,

respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS
TABLES, &c., &c.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. ly

A NEW IDEA!

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

Being an axiom acknowledged by all that the cash system, (or pay as you go,) is the most pleasant and safest,—as an incentive to more fully establish *that* system,—the undersigned therefore offer to the public a Premium of 50 cts. in Goods, on bills to the amount of $5.00, and 50 cts. premium on all bills increased to the amount of $5.00, etc. (viz. on a bill to the amount of $10.00, we will pay $1.00 premium, in goods, for Cash or Produce.

We have READY MADE CLOTHING which we offer at *GREATLY REDUCED PRICES*, for Cash.

We thank our patrons for past patronage and all who will avail themselves of the inducement presented.

STROHM & SWARTZ,
29 Jun 3m. Churchville.

HARDWARE and STOVES

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.,

(Successors to WILSON & HICKS,)

will sell HARDWARE, STOVES, Saddlery, Coach-makers' Material, Builders Hardware, of all kinds, Paints, Oils, &c. Nails, Iron and Glass a specialty, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Childrens' Carriages, Shovel Plows, Cutting Boxes, etc. We have the best COOK STOVES and RANGES in the Market, and warrant them to be good. We keep all repairs for same, and will sell lower than elsewhere. Any one in this county, building, or dealing in this line of goods, will pay them to come and see us.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BROTHER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

HARDWARE,

IRON, NAILS,

Paints

OILS, ETC.,

J. & J. HARRIS,
Bellefonte.

CENTENNIAL

AT CENTRE HALL,

AT

Wolf's Old Stand.

Magnificent Stock of Spring and Summer Goods.

One Price! Low Price!

POLITE ATTENTION!

Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.

A LARGE STOCK OF

READY - MADE CLOTHING

constantly on hand. Look at the figures:

Good Cassimere Suits, $10.00
Good Cassimere Coats, $5.00

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

Remember, we have but one price for everyone.

WM. WOLF.

J. & J. HARRIS.

NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.—The undersigned is now prepared to sell Brick at his kilns at Centre Hall to suit purchasers, at reasonable rates, also to furnish or contract Brickwork. S. S. FARNER
7 oct y

JOHN F. ALEXANDER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Centre Hall and vicinity. Consultation in English or German. Has a full line of instruments for extracting teeth. Office and residence in the Luth. parsonage. 27feb tf

MARRIAGES.

In Centre Hall, Aug 31, by Rev. M. Sloat, Mr. J. W. Zeigler of Cumberland county, Va., to Anzelina Venelda of Brushvalley, Centre county, Pa.,

On 3 inst., by Rev. John Tomlinson, Mr. A. A. Frank to Miss E. J. Kramer, both of Millheim.

DEATHS.

On 30, at Bellefonte, Thomas, son of Jared Harper, aged nearly 9 years.

On 3, in Millheim, Margaret Olive, daughter of D. H. Zeigler, aged 3 months.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, Bible house, New York city. 20 apr 6m.

DRY GOODS

At such prices as will astonish you, Calicoes at 5 cents. Muslin at 6, 7 and 8 cents. Dress goods in all the newest styles from 10 cents per yard up to the best grades of Silk.

Boots and Shoes.

Ladies' Shoes at 1 dollar per pair. Misses' Shoes at 75 cents per pair. Men's Plow Shoes at $1.25. Men's Brogans at $1.25. In the

NOTION DEPARTMENT

We have Ladies' Hose at 5 cents. Ladies' Hose at 10c. Men's Hose at 5 cents. Ladies' handkerchiefs at 5c. Kid Gloves at 50 cents. Clark's O. N. T., Cotton. 6c, and all other goods in proportion.

EXTRAORDINARY Inducements to Cash Buyers.

We wish to say to the people of Penns Valley, that we have just opened and are now offering full lines of all goods that we deal in at such prices *that even defy comment, or competition.*

PRICE IS THE OBJECT.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT is full of Bargains, at from Five dollars for a full Suit of Men's Clothing up to the finest Ready Made goods in town.

GIVE US A CALL WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN--REMEMBER THE PLACE

—THE OLD ESTABLISHED STAND OF Apr 27

S. & A. LOEB.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND

Panic Prices.

H. A. LARRIMER.

at the old Centre Hill stand.

Just opening a Stock of

NEW GOODS,

OLD FASHIONED PRICES!

A large variety of Ladies Dress Goods
Great Bargains in Muslins and Calicoes.
Ready-made Clothing Warranted to Suit.
His Cloths and Cassimers, Cant be excelled

His Crocery Department,

Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.

Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department.

☞Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.

☞No trouble to show Goods.☜

Also the choicest FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Apr. 15, y.

HENRY BOOZER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, &c.,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

☞Repairing of all kinds executed at short notice. 29 jun 6m.

HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVER
JOHN HOFFER, PETER HOFFER.

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS, and allow Interest: Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.

PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

Headquarters for Boots and Shoes!

JOHN POWERS,

BOOT & SHOE MAKER

OF CENTRE COUNTY.

DIPLOMA

Awarded to John Powers for the best Boots exhibited at Centre County Fair for the year 1875.

MANUFACTORY

Opposite Bush House,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte.

FINE SHOES

for ladies, kept constantly on hand.

Boots and Shoes for men and women, of all styles, quality and prices, from the most costly to the cheapest, constantly kept on hand.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

either in quality or prices. Call and examine his new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage. Apr21 ly.

C. T. ALEXANDER. C. M. BOWERS.

ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte. Special attention given to Collections, and Orphans' Court practice. May be consulted in German and English. Office in Garman's building. may26 74 tf.

Excelsior Cement.

The undersigned now manufactures Cement Warranted of a superior quality, at his kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. This cement has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & S. C. R.R., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufactured for use in Cisterns, Water Pipes, or walks, and possessing a good quality of Cement in Cisterns. This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore contemplating Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also that he warrants the articles as represented. J. G. MEYER,
may31 tf Aaronsburg, Pa.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,

Dentist, Millheim,

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. may5 72tf

W. F. REBER, Attorney-at-Law.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care in Centre and Clearfield county. Office with D. F. Fortney, Bellefonte.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynolds bank. may 14'66

BROCKE-HOFF HOUSE.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

D. JOHNSON & SONS.

This well known hotel, situate in the business portion of the town, has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished new. It will be the aim of the proprietors to make it a pleasant House for those who favor it liberally with their patronage. A free carriage is in waiting at the depot, and the best stables in town are connected with the House. 26apr

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law. Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having bonds or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. 6jan tf

FURNITURE,

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street Bellefonte.

Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-ly

GRAHAM & SON,

Have the exclusive sale in Bellefonte of

Edwin C. Burts'

CELEBRATED FINE SHOES.

8 WIDTHS, the

Best Shoes in the World.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN

Calf Skins,

SOLE LEATHER,

SHOE FINDINGS, &c.

All Kinds of Custom Work Made To Order.

Bishop Street, BELLEFONTE, Pa. 20 may tf.

BEATTY'S Golden Tongue Parlor Organs.

Factory Established in 1856.

From the Press.

From G. D. White, Editor Hackettstown, N. J. Herald.

"The organ has a rich, deep and soul-stirring tone; could not stay in the house without it. It helps wonderfully to drive away the thoughts of hard times."

The Lebanon Pa. Daily News, says:

"We are in receipt of one of those five octave Parlor Organs, manufactured by D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. This organ is a fine, solid black walnut case, and in tone it cannot be surpassed by any instrument of its kind."

From the Lowell Neb. Register.

"We received this week, direct from the manufacturer, D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J., his justly celebrated organ, elegant in appearance, and handsomely furnished unexcelled in richness and power of tone. We are more than pleased with it, and heartily recommend it to any one contemplating of purchasing an organ."

Best offer given. Money refunded upon return of organ and freight charges paid by me (D. F. Beatty) both ways if unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five days. Organ warranted for six years.

Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to canvass for this superior instrument. Address D. F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey

CENTRE HALL

COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keep on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates,

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Facts About Potato Beetles.

The potato beetle remains in the ground all winter, emerges from it in the spring in a perfect state, fully grown and ready for procreation. During the day, it remains upon the potato plant and does not fly till night, when it traverses whole fields and whole sections of country, the males in search of the females, and *vice versa*. The beetle does not eat, and so does no immediate harm. The eggs are laid on the under side of the leaves, in patches about an inch square, and are a golden yellow color. In a few days the young soft grubs are hatched, are ravenously hungry, have but slight hold of the foliage, and are easily knocked off. They have but slight ability to travel on the surface of the soil, and never descend to it voluntarily, until they have reached the perfect slug state, when their natural instinct prompts them to seek the earth, into which they burrow, form a cocoon, and in due time emerge full grown beetles, ready to begin a new colony. This series of changes takes place from two to four times in a season, controlled by its length, warmth, etc. In the last change they remain dormant throughout the winter, merely because the temperature is too low to perfect the insects. It is therefore probable that, if they ever reach a tropical climate, their transmigration will be uninterrupted.

Reasoning from these facts, we arrive at the following, which are borne out by actual experience: Any mode of destroying the beetle, practiced by a farmer here and there, is only lost time, as the nightly flight of the sexes in search of each other is sure to supply local fields from the others in the neighborhood, the sense of smell being probably the insect's guide to the nearest plant, and to the general rendezvous. If extirpation of the beetle is determined upon, it must be general and simultaneous. The great difficulty of accomplishing this is insuperable. Therefore let the beetle alone. Beetles, however, produce slugs, and slugs in their turn produce beetles. Slugs do not migrate, are easily dislodged, must eat, and are therefore at our mercy in at least two ways. If they are knocked off the plants in the middle of a dry hot day, and ground into the hot soil (say by a harrow or any similar means), they perish; and if the leaves are rendered, by any external application, unfit for their food, they starve.

An experience of six years has satisfied me that the slug state is the only vulnerable one, and either of the two modes of warfare indicated above is probably successful. They feed indiscriminately on all the *solanaceæ*. They are not poisonous, cannot bite or sting a human being, need not be a terror to any; and to conquer them, it is only necessary to attack them in a calm, cool, intelligent, business like manner.—*S. R. M., in Scientific Farmer.*

Questions and Answers.

Is there any speedy remedy for hop lice?

Sprinkling with ice water, according to one farmer's testimony, will quickly clear a hop vine of this pest. Cold rain always lessens their numbers, though a warm rain will increase them.

Are sunflower seeds ever fed to horses?

Yes, and are healthy feed for them in winter and spring, keeping them spirited and with sleek coats. One-half pint per day is the amount usually given, and it is claimed by some that these seeds prevent heaves and other diseases.

How about red pepper for poulty?

It has often been recommended in the club as beneficial in poultry yards.

What is the usual allowance of grain per head for hens for a year?

The consumption of grain by hens is estimated at from one to two bushels a year per head, according to the range given the fowls; as for instance, hens having through the summer a wide range won't require only one bushel, while those confined during the entire year to narrow limits would probably consume two bushels. On a general average one bushel and a half would be a sufficient allowance of corn or mixed grain for one hen. In return for this outlay a good breed of fowl will, if well cared for, produce at least 175 eggs per annum.

How much paris green is required per acre for exterminating the potato bug, and how can it best be applied?

One pound of paris green is enough for an acre of potatoes for the one season. One tablespoonful in a bucket of water is about the usual proportion; this sprinkled over the tops of the vines through a common sprinkling pot is the proper way of applying. A small patch can be sprinkled with a little whisk broom. Two or three doses usually do the work. Paris green can also be mixed with flour or plaster, and dusted on the leaves. Chemists have decided that this poison does not affect the tubers. The small quantity advised kills the bugs as readily as if more were to be used. Be sure and get a good quality of paris green.

What can be done to keep roots from rambling?

Lift them while the trees are young, and shorten them if necessary a few times; this will bring them into forming fibery roots near the trunk of the tree.

Farm Notes.

An editor possessed of common modesty and sense, sitting at his table year in and year out, would scarcely undertake to instruct a farmer who is in the fields every day in the details of the business of farming; but in his general reading and study he catches ideas and hints which are often of great value to some of his readers.

If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertion, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not overeat when in an exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have less rheumatism.

As much as I detest being in debt, says a writer, I would not hesitate to recommend a young man to run in debt moderately for a farm, if he loves the occupation, and who has a wife who does not mind living on a farm; for I think with these requisites, if he be cautious and frugal for a few years, he will be better off and take more comfort on a farm than in a city.

Two acres out of one hundred in wheat in California are put in by drilling, while in Oregon there are nineteen acres, in New York, Indiana and Michigan each fifty, in Ohio sixty, and in Pennsylvania and Illinois each seventy acres. The gain by drilling, as compared with broadcast sowing, is put down for the Eastern States mentioned at from one-tenth to one-fifth.

We have had the chance to test this season the following early peaches, all grown within sixty miles of each other, and for earliness we believe them to stand as follows: Downing; Saunders; Alexander; Musser; Amsden; Beatrice; Wilder; Hale's Early. We believe these will ripen in the order named if growing all near each other. As to quality, we would put first No. 4; then as follows in order, Nos. 3, 2, 1, 6, 7. In size we should put the numbers in the following order: 7, 4, 3, 2, 1, 6.

About Boiling Eggs.

There is an objection to the common way of boiling eggs which people do not understand. It is this: The white under three minutes' rapid cooking becomes tough and indigestible, while the yolk is left out. When properly cooked, eggs are done evenly through like any other food. This result may be obtained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail, and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly and evenly and sufficiently, and to a jelly-like consistency, leaving the center or yolk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg, and no person will want to eat them boiled after trying this method once.

Under the Wagon.

"Come, wife," says good old Farmer Gray,
"Put on your things; 'tis market day;
Let's be off to the nearest town—
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot! No, we'll leave old Spot behind."
But Spot he barked and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggish mind
To steal away under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face.
"Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
But I'm very glad he's left at home.
He'll guard the barn and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," growled Spot,
The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold
And got his pay in yellow gold,
Then started home, just after dark—
Home, through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree;
"Your money or else your life!" said he.
The moon was out, yet he didn't see
The little dog under the wagon.

Old Spot he barked, old Spot he whined,
And Spot he grabbed the thief behind
And dragged him down in mud and dirt.
He tore his coat and tore his shirt;
He held him with a whisk and bound,
And he couldn't rise from the miry ground;
While his legs and arms the farmer bound
And tumbled him into the wagon.

Old Spot he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife,
And now a hero, grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day;
And everywhere his master goes,
Among his friends, among his foes,
He follows upon his horny toes,
The little dog under the wagon!

AFTER MANY DAYS.

An old man lay in the little chamber off the best room of Abram Linmar's unpretentious farmhouse, listening half unconscious to the sound of voices, now in stern demand, again in humble pleading and protestation. His long gray hair and beard swept the snowy linen of the pillows, against which his bronzed, sunken face seemed darker and more hollow; his bony fingers beat the coverlid in anger and sympathy, as his ear followed the words of the speakers, and a glitter sparkled in his eyes, which had, for five weary weeks, been glazed and dulled with fever.

"I shall, if they'd come in," he muttered to himself; "I want to know all about it; I was asleep at the first and can't guess how it begun, but it is evident the good people of this house are in deep trouble."

He had hardly ceased when the door of the apartment opened and Dame Linmar stepped in with the noiseless foot of the anxious nurse. Seeing that her patient was awake and was looking eagerly and inquiringly at her, she approached the bedside and spoke to him in a voice as sad and mournfulas sorrow can train a woman's tones to be.

"Awake, sir? Has the talking in the other room disturbed you?"

"It has not broken my rest, but what I have heard has disturbed my mind. What is it? I only know that somebody gives you till next Monday morning to leave this comfortable home."

"It is about a mortgage, sir. But here comes my poor, old husband; he will explain it better than I can."

At the word the door opened again and Abram Linmar entered with bowed head and firmly pressed lips.

"He's gone, Janet, and taken the very last grain of hope I nurtured. Not even the memory of the service I rendered him two-and-twenty years ago in saving his life when he was at the mercy of the highwaymen availed anything, and we shall have to leave the roof that has sheltered us so long, doubly dear to me as the work of my own hands and the scene of genial associations."

"Farmer Linmar, excuse the impertinence of my curiosity," said the low voice of the invalid, "but I know a little of your trouble. May I not know all?"

"Alas, sir," replied the hopeless host, "the story is short as our future stay within these walls will be brief. Five years ago my son in New York, being embarrassed, I borrowed from my next neighbor, a very wealthy man, the sum of eight thousand dollars and gave him a mortgage on this—my farm of one hundred acres. Instead of gaining relief, my son became more embarrassed, failed utterly, and, from the grief of his disappointment, died. I have paid two thousand of the principal and now tender a third thousand, and beg that my creditor will not proceed to extremities. But I plead to a stone. He acknowledges that for years he has coveted my land, separating, as it does, two parcels of his own, and, indeed, he has made me many offers for it; now that he has the power to compel a sale, he swears that he will force the matter and outbid any competitor, as he has the means at his command. He says that he offers me in return all the money and interest I have paid to him in consideration of my quietly surrendering possession, and I suppose I must. There's no other way."

"And I have been a charge on you in such dire extremity," said the sick man, feebly; "it would have been better for you to have left me to die by the roadside, broken down and fever parched, where you found me. Many a precious dollar you must have parted with in my long illness for physicians and their nostrums. I am too weak to even thank you properly."

"Say not so. The little you have had in money or attendance will never help to impoverish us. It was bread cast upon the waters and it will return." The good farmer said this almost cheerfully, for he reflected how much better off at worst he and his dame and daughter Marian were, than the homeless, friendless old man who lay in his care.

"After many days; after many days," continued the sick man, finishing the promise. "But I am afraid, farmer, that neither you nor I will live till it comes back."

"Why, don't talk so, sir," broke in Dame Linmar, "it's been a real comfort for us to do the little we could for you. We are only paying a debt we owe. Our boy died away from home among strangers, and they were good and kind to him when things were so bad that he would not let us know, fearing our great distress; the kindness he got from strangers we are glad to pay back in installments."

"Would that I could aid you, as I have read of men apparently poor and helpless doing for those who have succored or shown kindness to them, but my poverty is no disguise. I am poor, indeed; absolutely without a dollar or a friend in the world. Coming this way I was only wandering in search of death to avoid the almshouse, and it grieves me that I should have fallen where I am so heavy and unfortunate a charge."

"Say no more, sir, or you will take from our performance all the merit which attaches to it," said the farmer; "we would be in worse need than you if we would afford so little relief grudgingly or withhold it."

"You speak like one who knows man's constant dependence, even in his highest fortune. But you have not yet told me who is this inexorable creditor. Tell me, that I may correct good report, if such a lie comes to my ears."

"He is rich, respected and of excellent repute. His name is Asahel Pencost."

No stimulant could have so strengthened the weak muscles of the invalid as the simple pronouncing of that name did. He rose to his elbow, his deep set eyes glowing with the fire of excitement.

"Asahel Pencost," he repeated; "do you know where he came from?"

"Yes. He settled in these parts nearly forty years ago, coming from near old Gloucester in Massachusetts, I've heard say, though information on that point is not very definite."

"How old a man is he? Was he married when he came here."

"He is about seventy years of age; he brought a wife and one son with him, but his wife died and he married again." It was the dame, true to her womanly instincts, who was readiest when neighborly news were asked or asking.

"Yes! yes!" eagerly continued the sick man, "and the son—what became of him?"

"He quarreled with his stern father, Asahel Pencost, some say, and went away over twenty years ago, and has not been heard from since;" replied Mrs. Linmar. "He was too gentle and true a lad, though, to have been born of such a father."

"Triumph and defeat in a single breath," murmured the invalid, sinking back.

Presently he revived and said to the farmer, slowly, yet with firm accent:

"You need not concern yourself further. What county is this?"

"Wayne."

"Then you have the ablest man in Wayne county to help you for your debtor. I said just now I was the poorest; I was mistaken. When Asahel Pencost comes on Monday to seize your farm, tell him that Marcus Whitney is your security for further discharge of the mortgage and warn him to accept whatever terms are proposed."

Monday morning came, and with it Asahel Pencost, a deputy sheriff and a serving man. Farmer Linmar and his wife had spent an uneasy interval, notwithstanding the assurance of their involuntary guest; and every attempt they had made in their quiet, unobtrusive way to gain insight into the reason of the stranger's confidence had been met with evasion too patent to be further questioned. The first they knew of the old man's name was when he called himself Whitney; of his career, connection with the rich, arogant neighbor Pencost, or his intentions, they were as profoundly ignorant as before they took him into their troubled confidence. He had been removed from the bed in the little chamber to the old haircloth sofa, which stood between the two windows that lighted the best room, and sat, propped up with pillows, his eyes closed and head thrown forward, while the preliminary demands were made by the creditor previous to turning the business over to the sheriff's officer.

"You can't pay, and won't accede to my most liberal proposition!" exclaimed the great man, with an unctuous and sonorous voice, "then you'll have to take the consequences." Turning to the officer, and waving his hand in a circle that seemed to sweep already with a creditor's grasp the goods and lands of the unfortunate debtor, he said: "Mr. Bimble, you will please to"—

"Wait a minute," said the invalid, sharply, giving a termination not intended to Pencost's invocation. "Please to wait a little, Mr. Bimble, till there is need of your interference."

"And pray, sir, who are you?" demanded Mr. Pencost.

"Security for these good people's debts, and their protection against the avarice, greed, and persecution of Asahel Pencost Whitney, formerly of Little Salem, Massachusetts, who is"—

"Your only brother," interrupted the pale and terror stricken man; "for Heaven's sake, forbear."

"You didn't lose your memory with your name," sneered the invalid, "though your presence of mind forsakes you. You never expected to see me again!"

"I knew you would come some time, sure as death, but not so very soon."

"Soon! Call you eight-and-thirty years soon? You have enjoyed the fruits of wrong doing, fraud—aye, theft—longer than Heaven permits most men to do. I thought I was under its ban not to rise again, when I sunk faint ing into the ditch a mile or so from here, six weeks ago; but now I see I was simply subject to its wise, just, and fortunate decrees. See! Asahel Whitney—calling yourself Pencost—here is a paper bearing your debt in money to me. You took everything I had in the world, and if I can strip you I'll do it. Here is the amount compounded annually at six per cent.; it amounts to two hundred and eighty-six thousand and forty dollars. Can you pay it?"

"Have you no mercy? Will you not hear me?" begged the now humbled man, in tears. "Farmer Linmar, plead you to him to listen to me; he will grant you so much."

"I'll say this much," returned Mr. Linmar, "he that hath no mercy on his fellows will hardly get it in his direst need."

"You almost steel my purpose, while you do dissuade me," said Marcus Whitney. "I need mercy, and I'll show it, though I'm afraid it is misplaced. Thirty-eight years ago, my brother, standing there, was trustee for my portion of our father's estate. I was married and away at sea, my wife and child in his care, as well as the money that had been left to me. I had been gone for five years, during all of which time my letters to my wife were suppressed, and those to me were falsified. When I came back to Little Salem it was to find my family all gone. My wife had been persuaded of my death and married with my brother, who had sold out and gone no one knew where. From that day to this I have wandered up and down in the land seeking my own, till my footsteps were led hither. Another time will do then, traitor, to talk of money reparation. Tell me, now, where is my son?" This demand was made in so earnest a tone that it told of no compromise; that debt, at least, was to be atoned in full.

"I don't know," replied the shrinking man. He recognized that he might be forgiven many of the paltry dollars claimed, but this claim for flesh and blood would not be forgone a jot nor tittle."

"You are telling me true?"

"It is no time to do otherwise now. When we quarreled I told him he was no son of mine, and he swore he would not bear my name; he left, and left no trace to track him by, though I tried hard at the time. Some ten years ago I heard that he had taken his mother's name and was calling himself Lambert Morrison; whether the information was true or not I cannot say; but, true or false, that is the last I have ever heard."

"Go you out into the world and seek my boy till you find him; seek as I sought you, in poverty, hunger, dirt, sorrow and madness, for weary, weary years. Bring him to me only and I'll forgive you every penny that you wronged me of." The father spoke, and, speaking, told the sole object of his life's secret. Money is nothing to a man going down to the grave, but love and kin all.

"Already the bread has returned," said the farmer, detaining Asahel Pencost, who was turning to leave the house. "Your son," he continued, addressing the invalid on the sofa, "is in New York, if Lambert Morrison and the handsome, bright boy Morris Pencost, I remember, be one and the same. Wife, get those letters. It was he who nursed our boy in his last illness and closed his eyes, I might have known it. They were playfellows, and he would not see his friend suffer uncared for, and he had too sorrowful remembrances to allow him to disclose his identity to us in Wayne."

The farmer was right, and within ten days the missing son was clasped in his father's arms and bore the third name of his wife, the right one, at last—Lambert Morrison Whitney.

The fall of the proud squire was generally hailed in Wayne, for he was one of those men whose temperament won few friends, and whose station repelled them. He received at his brother's hands enough to yield him a modest income, and busied himself in the indistinguishable throng of the great city. Marcus Whitney lived on in Wayne, and gladly bestowed his benediction on the marriage of his son and Farmer Linmar's only remaining child Marian; that is, she was "child" to the farmer and dame, though turned of twenty-six—and peace and happiness have crowned the succeeding days of the warm hearted people so strangely thrown together.

Captain Kidd.

The famous pirate, Capt. Kidd, frequented Narragansett in the old days, when distillers, slave traders and pirates were numerous. His landing was at the bar on which the south pier was built. His places of resort are still shown, and numerous holes in the ground, made by credulous seekers after his hidden treasure, can be seen in Peacedale and other places. A few years ago a sword hilt was dug up in a field near the pier, on which was engraved the name of Artemas Gould, who was one of Kidd's lieutenants. Twenty-eight of this crew were hanged on one gallows in Newport.

A DRAGON IN COLORADO.

The Strange Story of a Traveler in the Great American Desert.

A correspondent of the Denver *News* says: I was traveling horseback along a stretch of country which, for a long distance, merits the appellation of the Great American desert. As far as the eye could reach not a living thing or object created by the hand of man could be seen. On every side the horizon only bounded the view, and not even where the sky kissed the plain did aught but the scanty prairie grass, already burned to brown under the rays of the fast summering sun, lift itself, dotted here and there by innumerable cacti, from mother earth. Save the quickly recovering shud of my horse's hoofs as he loped over the prairie, not a sound was to be heard, and the stillness was profound.

But the silence and the solitude were not for long. As I was about to seek a place to build a fire and bivouac for the night, suddenly a long trailing form started from the earth, and a queer rumbling cry was borne to my ears upon the western wind. Hardly had the sound died upon the air when an intense trembling seized my horse, and, with extended nostrils and dilated eye, he began looking on all sides as if to find a way of escape. And now the same strange cry was repeated, and my terrified sight perceived an enormous reptile, half serpent, half quadruped, that was now running, now creeping along the earth, with incredible rapidity. Although my limbs almost refused to perform their office for terror, I had turned mechanically to leap on my horse, notwithstanding that I knew that the pace at which the monster was coming was far faster than that of a horse at full gallop, but the beast had broken away from where I had tied him, and was quickly devouring the earth with rapid feet. Not, however, away from the coming danger.

Although destruction stared me in the face, I almost lost consciousness of my peril in viewing the strange scene that followed. As soon as the terrible thing perceived that the horse was able to run at a rate that compelled an inconvenient degree of speed to catch up with him, he suddenly stopped in his career, and for a moment remained silent and motionless, and the only sound to be heard was that made by the retreating horse, which was growing fainter and fainter. Immediately, ere it had become quite lost to the ear, the cause of the brute's flight begun to utter a sonorous roaring that one moment sounded like some brutish mother calling her young, and another a weird imitation of the cooing of a dove. Hardly had the sound been uttered, when the horse, which was now almost lost to sight in the rapidly growing darkness, stopped. Presently he turned around and begun with hastening steps to return. The noise still continued, and even to my human hearing seemed to have a pleading, inviting note in it. The Brobdingnagian beast, too, had assumed the shape at once of a cat ready to play with her kittens, and of a serpent when trying to charm its prey into its folds.

And now let me describe the monster. Like other saurians, it had the body of a lizard, uplifted on, as near as I could judge, eight feet, but its propelling power, as already noted, seemed to exist chiefly in its tail, which streamed behind the body at least a hundred feet. The trunk of the monster must have been thirty feet long by about half that figure in width, and at least from eight to ten feet through. The feet seemed little more than paddles with which to push this huge body along, and apparently had little supporting power, the monster's belly touching the ground except when its rapid motion forced it forward in the air. The head was flattened at the top, and towered high up over the body on a neck greater in diameter than a barrel, and fully ten feet in length. The eyes, as large as saucers, were about a yard and a half apart, and gleamed like lanterns on either side of a carriage. Thus far, the mouth was only partly open, to emit the sound above noted, so that in the comparative darkness I could not see it distinctly. The color was a dark purple, such as is sometimes used in churches at Lenten time, mottled with black.

By this time the horse had come within the embrace of the seducer, and the charming all at once ceased. Another movement, and the terrible mouth, which I could now see was as large as a barn door, opened, and a forked tongue darted out and pulled my poor beast within. Then came the sound of the teeth crunching and the breaking of bones, mingled with the stifled death cry of as faithful a brute as ever man bestrode. Then all was still, and the frightful creature lay motionless, as if digesting its meal. Presently it stirred, and, giving myself up for lost, I made up my mind to be its next victim, when, turning, it rapidly rolled away in the direction from which it came, without as much as looking at me. More dead than alive with terror, I made the best of my way to this place.

The Western Husbandmen.

Pity the sorrows of the Western husbandmen, for they are at once numerous, various and unending. Last summer the fair fields of fruitful Kansas were laid waste by the all-devouring grasshopper. Scythes and sickles hung rusting on the fences, barns remained bare and granaries empty. In the days of their desolation the stricken farmers cried aloud for aid, and out of their abundance States not afflicted with ravenous grasshoppers did help them. In the progress of the seasons harvest time has again come in Kansas, and, as in the years that are past, the sons of the soil are soured and scolding. It is not grasshopper ravages this time, nor yet drought; neither have the rains been over-abundant, nor did chill winter linger too long in the lap of general spring. No, everything went right. Nature was so beneficent that the agriculturists are angry at too good a thing. They grumble that the crops of Kansas are disgustingly enormous. Millions of bushels of wheat must be left ungarnered because there are not hands enough to gather it in. As to corn, when it comes to that cereal the disgust of the tillers of the soil of Kansas is changed to anger. They shake their clenched hands at the waving fields, and threaten to use tens of thousands of bushels of the golden ears for fuel next winter. Sad is the soul of the unfortunate farmer when he reflects that all this abundance betokens low prices. Thoughtfully, he takes an extra dose of tobacco, and meditates when in the economy of nature things will get even. His Eastern brethren, regarding with complacence the over-burdened fields, may be excused from wishing for a plague of grasshoppers if in their track is certain to follow such afflictions as are at present bewailed by the Kansas farmers.

Shrinkage.

Jones says hat the white flannel suit he bought a year ago has proved a very economical investment, and has been of much use in his family. Jones weighs 250 pounds, and when he bought it it fitted him remarkably well. After the first washing, his eldest son, who weighs 100 pounds less than Jones, senior, found it an excellent fit. Two washings more made the garment delightful for a youth of nine, and at the end of the season the baby was adorned with the habiliments, which had shrunk just enough to make them fit for a child out of creeping clothes. This year Jones' wife uses them as a dishcloth. Where all that flannel has shrunk to Jones doesn't see, and says he would willingly take his whole family and his mother-in-law to a lecture which would explain it, and pay double price.

Increase of Neuralgia.

Neuralgia in the faces and heads of women is on the increase, as compared with the number of instances of the disease among men; and this is believed to be due to the inferior protection afforded by the mode in which women now cover their heads. It is not only one of the most common of feminine maladies, but one of the most painful and difficult of treatment. It is also a cause of much mental depression, and is regarded by physicians as leading more often to habits of intemperance among women than any other disease.

INDIAN MASSACRES.

The Massacre at Fort Phil Kearney Ten Years Ago.

Old Fort Phil Kearney, in the Platte valley, is invested with a tragic interest that overshadowed everything of late years but Custer's death in the West. It is but ten years since the massacre near this old fort occurred, wherein between eighty and ninety persons, among whom were the gallant Fetterman and Brown and Lieut. Grummond, fell fighting the Sioux. Old Fort Kearney was established a year before the massacre by Col. H. B. Carrington, then in command of one of the old infantry regiments before the army reduction. He started from Leavenworth, and Reno and Kearney were built as defenders of the old Boseman trail. Kearney was located about sixty miles beyond Reno and about ninety miles to the south and east of old Fort C. F. Smith. The Indians that year—1866—were very troublesome. The Sioux, then under the leadership of Red Cloud, who has since become and remained friendly, had repeatedly menaced the post. With all their wiles and strategy the Indians had that season been unable to induce Colonel Carrington to hazard a general engagement. Numerous skirmishes had taken place, the Sioux never appearing in any great numbers. On the day of the massacre they had attacked the wood train. The assailing force was not apparently larger than thirty or forty warriors. These were driven off by the troops, and Captain Fetterman, after routing them, followed the fleeing Sioux over the bluffs and out of sight of the post. This was what the Indians expected and desired. They seemed to retreat before Fetterman, and that officer, suspecting nothing of the trap that had been set for him and his troops, pressed them to a point where the savages could hold him.

Once in the neighborhood of Indian hill they rushed in between him and the fort. He saw the plan for the first time. His men, who numbered nearly ninety then, having been re-enforced by Lieutenant Grummond with twenty-eight cavalrymen, found their chances of escape few. Fetterman tried to force a passage through the Indians, who numbered about 3,000, back over the bluffs and to the post, but found it impossible. The doomed men found their ammunition giving out. All hope was gone. They gathered around their commander and fought to kill, not to survive. The Indians waited until every ounce of lead and powder was expended. Seeing their white foe virtually disarmed, they rushed in and butchered the brave fellows who remained. From the position occupied by the bodies of Fetterman and Brown it was concluded that, seeing hope die and a horrible death by torture awaiting them should they be taken alive, they reserved one bullet each, and had shot one another the moment the Sioux were congratulating themselves on their capture. The bodies were found next day by a strong detachment sent out to reconnoiter, for such was the effect of the slaughter on the garrison that none dared to venture to the field and learn the fate of the gallant Fetterman and his brave band. The Sioux had left the remains on the field after denuding them of their clothing and scalping and mutilating their remains. The dead were conveyed to the fort and buried with military honors in sight of the stockade.

THE TIME OF FAST TROTTERS.

Horses that Have a Record Better than 2.6.

Those marked with an asterisk (*) were of the pace.

George Madison	2 13½	Dan Bart	2 28¼
Smuggler	2 16¼	St. James	2 28¼
Lulu	2 16¼	Frank Wood	2 28¼
Occident	2 16¼	Jay Gould	2 28¼
American Girl	2 17¼	Camille	2 28¼
Goldsmith Maid	2 17¼	Lucille	2 28¼
Gloster	2 17¼	Beppo	2 28¼
Red Cloud	2 18	Chicago	2 28¼
Lady Thorne	2 18¼	Lady Prince	2 28¼
Lucy	2 18¼	Lady Blanchard	2 28¼
Maggie Fullerton	2 18¼	Judge Fullerton	2 28¼
Flora Temple	2 19	Myron Perry	2 28¼
George Palmer	2 19¼	Toronto Chief	2 28¼
Dexter	2 19¼	Lady Maud Jr.	2 28¼
Mambrino Gift	2 20	Pilot Temple	2 28¼
Monarch	2 20¼	Toronto Chief	2 28¼
Fleety Goldsmith	2 20¼	Clara G	2 28¼
Mountain Boy	2 20¼	Nettie	2 28¼
Goldsmith Maid	2 20¼	Harry Vanderbilt	2 28¼
Cattle Boy	2 21	Joker	2 28¼
Rosalie	2 21¼	Commodore	2 28¼
Bodine	2 21¼	Nellie Irving	2 28¼
Jay Gould	2 21¼	Nashville Girl	2 28¼
Tuscarora Wilkes	2 22	Jim	2 28¼
Lady Maud	2 22¼	Crown Prince	2 28¼
Blue Dick	2 22¼	Harry Young	2 28¼
Mambrino Chief	2 22¼	Fannie Allen	2 28¼
Huntress	2 22¼	Mary Hover	2 28¼
Jennie	2 22¼	Ethan Allen	2 28¼
Lucille Goldsmith	2 22¼	Nonesuch	2 28¼
Flora Belle	2 22¼	Lady Thorn	2 28¼
*Kilburn Jim	2 23	J. J. Bradley	2 28¼
Hooper	2 23¼	Patrick, Jr.	2 28¼
Wm. H. Allen	2 23¼	Spotted Colt	2 28¼
Hedger	2 23¼	Andrew Russel	2 28¼
Thomas Jefferson	2 23¼	Shark, Jr.	2 28¼
Sensation	2 23¼	Derby	2 28¼
Jim Irving	2 28¼	Harry Harley	2 28¼

Adventure of a Conductor.

Conductor B. is always polite to ladies. All conductors are polite to ladies, particularly so when they are young and handsome. Miss C. was handed on board at the station as carefully as though she was "glass—to be handled with care." An extra seat was turned over on the shady side of the car, and the conductor took a seat by her side to do the agreeable, having met Miss C. on the train before.

Pres ntly, as matters were going along nicely, an old man, in his shirt sleeves, threw himself into the seat in front, which the conductor had unlocked and turned over for the benefit of the parties more immediately concerned. Mr. B. spoke up sharply:

"Go away from here!"

But the man didn't go.

Conductor says, still more sharply:

"Go away, or I'll make you!"

But still no go, while a vacant, provoking smile sat upon the face of the intruder. Whereupon, Conductor B. grasped the old farmer by the nape of the neck. At the same the young lady seized the arm of the conductor, and exclaimed:

"Please don't, Mr. B. This is my father."

Ever since Conductor B. always asks young ladies if they are traveling alone.

The Effect.

As a Detroit saloon keeper stood behind his bar, says "M. Quad," in walked a stranger, who inquired:

"Can you inform me what effect lemonade has upon the mental system?"

"It has a good effect, where you pay for it," was the reply.

"And where you don't?"

"The effect is then transferred from the mental to the physical system, and you go out of here with something kicking you forty times per minute."

"Thanks, sir," bowed the stranger, backing out. "I am not thirsty, and I never did believe in summer drinks."

He went down the street, stole two harvest apples, and found the effect to be just the same as if he had taken lemonade. When the "machine" ceased kicking, the stranger remarked:

"Between being kicked for three cents or for ten cents, it is my duty to be kicked for ten cents, and that shall be my motto hereafter."

The Earth Treatment for Ulcers.

The dry earth treatment for ulcers is found quite successful. Large, sloughy ulcers, after being washed, are covered with a thick layer of earth, over which wet paper is placed as a support, the whole being neatly bandaged. In a few days the ulcers begin to clear, and when the surfaces look healthy and granulating, a dressing made as follows is used: A piece of muslin the size of the ulcer is immersed in carbolic oil, in the proportion of one part acid to ten parts cocoanut oil; with this the sore is covered, and over it dry earth is placed, and then moistened earth and a bandage. In a short time the healing process manifests itself satisfactorily, while all odor is entirely removed.

Wants to Know.

A correspondent writes to ask how he shall cure himself of the practice of tobacco chewing. A man who hasn't nerve enough to break off this disgusting habit by the mere exertion of his own will, might about as well tie an anvil around his neck and throw himself into the nearest river. This is a shorter road to the same end.

A Missouri editor writes to ask whether he should say "editor" or "editress" in speaking of a lady journalist. We hope he will invariably use the former. Editress is an abominable word. There is no more occasion for it than for doctress, compositress or professoress.—*New York Sun.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The following Congressional nominations are announced: Kentucky, eight district, Milton J. Durham, Dem.; Ohio, six h, ex-Gov. J. D. Cox, Rep.; Vermont, second, D. C. Denniston, Rep.; Ohio, tenth, Charles Foster, Rep.; Indiana, fifth, Mr. Hoges, greenback; Michigan fifth, Myron Harris, Dem..... The principal business portion of Westport, N. Y., was destroyed by fire..... Some scoundrels removed a rail from the track of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad near Northeast, and the engine, tender, two baggage and four passenger coaches of a midnight train were thrown down an embankment and wrecked. No one was killed outright, miraculously, and but two persons were seriously injured, both of whom subsequently died. The switch near by was also found misplaced. The object of the dastards was undoubtedly the robbery of the express safe, which contained $200,000. It was the second attempt of the kind within two weeks..... The South Carolina Democrats have nominated Gen. Wade Hampton for governor..... Secretary of War Cameron has issued a general order calling attention to the resolution passed by the United States House of Representatives on the tenth of August, in which it is declared that the exercise of the right of suffrage is in some of the States, notwithstanding the efforts of all good citizens to the contrary, resisted and controlled by fraud, intimidation and violence, so that in such cases the object of the amendment to the Constitution known as Article Fifteen is defeated, and adds the following order to General Sherman, commanding the United States army: The President directs that in accordance with the spirit of the above, you are to hold all the available force under your command, not now engaged in subduing the savages on the Western frontier, in readiness to be used upon the call or requisition of the proper legal authorities for protecting all citizens, without distinction of race, color or political opinion, in the exercise of the right to vote as guaranteed by the Fifteenth amendment, and to assist in the enforcement of certain, condign and effectual punishment upon all persons who shall attempt by force, fraud, terror, intimidation or otherwise to prevent the free exercise of the right of suffrage, as provided by the law of the United States, and have such force so distributed and stationed as to be able to render prompt assistance in the enforcement of the law. Such additional orders as may be necessary to carry out the purpose of the instructions will be given to you from time to time, after consultation with the law officers of the government.

Goldsmith Maid won the Utica free-to-all race for $4,000, in 2.18¾, 2.18¾, 2.18¾. Her contestants were Lucille Golddust, Bodine and Fullerton, who came under the string in the order named..... The entire business portion of the town of Jacob City, Utah, was destroyed by fire..... Thousands are dying of starvation in the northern part of China..... The Mexicans are having trouble with the Indians in Lower California..... The greenback men of Indiana held a State convention and adopted resolutions demanding the coinage of silver dollars in order that the government may pay its coin obligations in silver; declaring that all values, including government bonds and greenbacks, should be taxed equally..... Nominations for Congress: Illinois, tenth district, S. F. Maren, Rep.; Illinois, Galesburg district, Thomas R. Boyd, Rep.; Tennessee, seventh, W. C. Whitthorne, Dem.; Wisconsin, fourth, Wm. P. Lynde, Dem. .....George T. Anthony has been nominated for governor of Kansas by the Republicans..... A railroad train was stopped by a large body of men in Colorado, who took there from United States Judge Stone and carried him off in order to prevent him opening court and qualifying a receiver for the Colorado Central railroad. He afterward escaped and fulfilled his duty.

Gen. Terry and Crook have united their commands and are following an Indian trail Crook was on at the time of the juncture. It is reported that Sitting Bull has expressed a determination to go to the scene and sue for clemency. He claims that he did not wish to fight, but the whites forced him to it.....Congressional nominations: Texas, Austin district, D. C. Giddings, Dem.; Missouri, sixth, H. E. Havens, Rep..... A train on the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs road was stopped by a band of robbers who took it for a freight train containing the pay car. When they discovered it to be a passenger train they allowed it to proceed.....Rev. Wm. A. Corneli, of Freedom Plains, N. Y., hanged himself while temporarily insane.....During the last day of the Utica (N. Y.) races, Great Eastern won the 2.26 contest in 2.23¼, 2.22¼, 2.22. Baron won the 2.20 race in 2.22¼, 2.21¼, 2.23.

Walda Mikael, the insurgent chief of Abyssinia, defeated the regular troops at Zahrasa, and subsequently massacred 1,500 women and children..... Sam Candee, a colored man, raped an eight-year-old white girl in Huntington, W. Va., and was arrested therefor and lodged in jail, from which he was taken that night by a masked mob and hanged..... The six Fenians who escaped from the English authorities in Australia by means of the whaler Catalpa, arrived safely in New York, and were enthusiastically received by their countrymen. Their names are: Thomas Darragh, Robert Cranston, Michael Harrington, Martin Hogan, James Wilson and Thomas Hassett.....Frank Prince, of St. Louis, swam ten miles on the Mississippi in one hour and forty-one minutes, beating Tom Sucliffe, of England.

Hon. Michael C. Kerr, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, died at Rockbridge, Alum Springs, Va. Mr. Kerr was born near Titusville, Pa., March 15, 1827. In 1852 he settled in New Albany, Ind., in the practice of law. In 1854 he was elected city attorney, and in 1856 to the State legislature. Six years later he was elected reporter to the supreme court of Indiana, and published five volumes of reports. In 1864 he was elected a representative to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and served on the committees on private land claims and accounts. He was re-elected to the